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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## MOLTKE.

HELMUTH KARL BERNHARD VON MOLTKE.

*Born, October 26th, 1803. Died, April 24th, 1891.*STRONG, silent soldier, whom the unmarked  
yearsShaped to such service of the Fatherland  
As seldom to one firm, unflinching hand,  
A State hath owed; to-day a people's tears  
Bedew the most illustrious of biers!The waning century hastening to its close  
Hath scarce a greater on its glory-roll,  
Hope of thy land, and terror of its foes;  
Of foresight keen, and long-enduring soul!  
War's greatness is not greatest; there are  
heightsOf splendor pure mere warriors scarce may  
scale,But thou wert more than battle's scourge  
and flail,  
Calm-souled controller of such Titan fights  
As mould man's after-history. When thy  
starShone clear at Königgrätz, men gazed and  
knewThe light that heralds the great lords of  
war;And when o'er Sedan thy black Eagles flew  
And the bold Frank, betrayed and broken,  
drewOne shuddering gasp of agony and sank,  
When thy long-mustered legions rank on  
rankHemmed the fair, fated city of men's love,  
Then thy star culminated, shone above  
All but the few fixed beacon-lights, which  
ownedA new compeer Long steadfastly en-  
thronedIn German hearts, and all men's reverence,  
Suddenly, softly thou art summoned hence,  
To the great muster, full of years and fame!  
How thinks *he*, lord of a co-equal name,Thine ancient comrade in war's iron lists,  
Just left, and lone, of the Titanic Three  
Who led the Eagles on to victory?

Calmer of captains, first of strategists.

Bismarck must bend o'er thy belauded bier  
With more than common grief in the unbidden  
tear!

Punch.

## SPRING THOUGHTS.

MY England, island England, such leagues  
and leagues away,  
It's years since I was with thee, when April  
waned to May:—Years since I saw the primrose, and watched  
the brown hillside  
Put on white crowns of blossom and blush  
like April's bride;Years since I heard thy skylark, and caught  
the throbbing note  
Which all the soul of springtide sends through  
the blackbird's throat.Oh, England, island England, if it has been  
my lot  
To live long years in alien lands, with men  
who love thee not,I do but love thee better who know each wind  
that blows,  
The wind that slays the blossom, the wind  
that buds the rose,The wind that shakes the knotty mast and  
keeps the topsail furled,  
The wind that braces nerve and arm to battle  
with the world:I love thy moss-deep grasses, thy great un-  
tortured trees,  
The cliffs that wall thy havens, the weed-  
scents of thy seas,The dreamy river reaches, the quiet English  
homes,  
The milky path of sorrel down which the  
springtide comes.Oh, land so loved through length of years, so  
tended and caressed,  
The land that never stranger wronged nor  
foeman dared to waste,Remember those thou speedest forth round  
all the world, to be,  
Thy witness to the nations, thy warders on  
the sea!And keep for those who leave thee and find  
no better place,  
The olden smile of welcome, the unchanged  
mother-face!

Athens, 1890.

RENNELL RODD.  
Murray's Magazine.

## LOSS.

THE pathway of my life, since thou art gone,  
Seems like a dusty and exposed highroad  
Whose upward stretching weary length is  
sowedWith rough, uneven places. The bright sun  
Streams pitilessly down; shade there is  
none.Bewildered, dazed, instinctively I turn  
Thy help to claim. Ah! have I yet to learn,  
What all men know,—that I must walk alone?And though I am a woman in my years,  
Whom others turn to for the help I seek,  
Still is my troubled heart full of vague fears  
And desolate distress; sobs from me break,  
As from some child, with sense of drear defeat,  
Left wandering in an unknown public street.

Spectator.

R. C.

From The New Review.

LEGAL AND CONSTITUTIONAL ASPECTS  
OF THE LYNCHING AT NEW ORLEANS.

BY JAMES BRYCE, M.P.

THE lynching a few weeks ago of eleven Italians by a New Orleans mob is an incident which has many aspects and suggests many reflections. That one of those secret societies which have long been a curse of Italy and Sicily should have taken root and become terribly powerful in the New World is of itself a singular phenomenon. That in a great and wealthy city like New Orleans it should be found practically impossible to bring notorious assassins to justice by the regular process of law is a still stranger and still more deplorable phenomenon. That the men who seized and slaughtered the acquitted Italian criminals should be the leading citizens of New Orleans; that they should have preferred this method of protecting their community to that of improving the legal procedure and administration of the State of Louisiana; that their conduct should have met with far more sympathy than reprobation over the United States generally, are facts curiously illustrative of the history of the southern States and of the condition of society there. It is of none of these points, however, that I am about to speak in these few pages, but of the legal and constitutional questions growing out of the demand for redress which the Italian government promptly addressed to the government of the United States, and which was emphasized, in a somewhat brusque and hasty fashion, by the withdrawal of the Italian minister from Washington. These questions are of interest not only to American publicists, but also to Englishmen, for they are questions which may in a different, but, perhaps, not less serious, form arise out of the anomalous position in which Britain now stands to her great self-governing colonies.

The best way to treat these questions will be to deal, first, with the general subject of the liability of one State to another in respect of injuries inflicted in its territory upon the subjects of that other, and secondly, to inquire how far this general liability may be modified and limited by

the internal constitution of the State in whose territory the injuries occur, or by any practical difficulties which it may find in enforcing its authority upon its own subjects.

The general question need not long detain us, because there is no great difference of opinion regarding it among international lawyers, nor much difference as regards the practice of civilized States. The well-admitted principle is that every civilized State is bound to secure to the subjects or citizens of another friendly State the same measure of personal liberty, personal security, and protection to property as it affords to its own subjects. A Frenchman is entitled in England to the same recourse to the civil and criminal courts as an Englishman has, and to be as fully cared for by the police. Particular disabilities may no doubt be imposed on an alien. He may be required to produce a passport, though passports are not required from native subjects; or he may be unable to hold real estate; or he may be required if plaintiff in an action to give security for costs which would not be demanded from a subject. Special reasons exist in these respects. But so far as regards the ordinary rights which are needed for the protection of person and property, he ought to receive just the treatment which the native subject has, no more and no less. If he does receive less, his government has a *prima facie* right to demand redress for him; and this redress may be either in the way of criminal proceedings against those who have injured him, or of pecuniary compensation from the authorities of the State which has permitted him to be injured without affording him due satisfaction by the methods which are open to its own citizens.

To this general statement we must make one addition. Injury to a foreigner may proceed either from the executive officials of the State in which he is residing, or from its judicial officers, or from private persons. If from the executive officials, the liability of the State is obvious because they are its agents, and their wrongful acts or omissions are its acts or omissions. If from judicial officers,

the liability is much less direct and palpable.

As regards private persons, the State, it is obvious, has still less to do with them, and is responsible not directly for their acts, but only for any neglect on its own part, either in preventing wrongs which a well-ordered government ought to prevent, or in omitting to provide proper means for the effective administration of justice to punish those wrongs, or award compensation for them.

So far we have spoken of civilized States. As regards semi-civilized countries, such as Turkey or Morocco, where the amount of protection given to persons and property falls far below the standard which the European nations have come to observe, it is of course impossible for these nations to be content with obtaining for their subjects what the unlucky subject of a Mussulman sultan has to put up with; and they have therefore made special arrangements under which Europeans may reside and carry on business in these countries with some better guarantee for their security than the local laws and courts and police afford. To enforce these arrangements is not always easy, so that our envoys at Constantinople or Tangier are constantly employed in trying to obtain redress for the injuries which Englishmen suffer. The disorders in certain of the Spanish-American so-called republics have occasionally brought them into what is practically the same category. There are, therefore, cases in which the behavior of a State to its own subjects cannot be taken as the measure of its international obligations. If it falls short of the standard which is generally observed and expected, it cannot acquit itself by alleging the faults of its own administration.

Reverting to civilized nations, the responsibility which their governments admit for the protection of the subjects of a friendly power rests upon what may be called general international comity. It exists in the absence of any formal treaty provisions, because it is suggested not only by considerations of humanity, but by the common interest of all States alike. But in many instances this "international common law," as one may venture to call

it, has been expressly declared and recognized in a treaty securing equivalent rights to the citizens of each of the contracting States in the territories of the other. This has happened as between the United States and Italy. By the treaty concluded in 1871, it is provided that

The citizens of each of the high contracting parties shall receive in the States and Territories of the other the most constant protection and security for their persons and property, and shall enjoy in this respect the same rights and privileges as are or shall be granted to the natives, on their submitting themselves to the conditions imposed on the natives.

We may now, therefore, ask, What are the rights of the Italian government in respect of lawless violence inflicted upon its subjects within the territory of the United States? Let us leave out of sight the federal structure of the American government, and assume the United States to be a unified country like the United Kingdom, in which the queen's writ runs everywhere, and where the executive and the legislature have exactly the same powers in every part of the country. Or, to put the same thing in other words, let us assume that the lynching happened, not in Louisiana, but in the Federal District of Columbia, where the Federal government is supreme.

Italy might demand satisfaction in the form of punishment to be inflicted on the lynchers. As the government of a free people can proceed only in the prescribed way of regular judicial process, all the Federal government could do would be to have the lynchers indicted for murder or manslaughter. The matter would, as in England, come first before a grand jury, and if the grand jury found a true bill, then before a petty jury. If the grand jury refused to find the bill, or if the petty jury acquitted the prisoners, the government could do no more. Its powers would be exhausted. So would the powers of the British government in a like case. And in fact, as has been observed in America, this is exactly what Lord Palmerston replied to the Austrian government when it complained of the rough handling which General Haynau received from Barclay and Perkins's draymen in 1850.



Austria was told that the courts were open; the offending draymen might be indicted; Haynau might bring a civil action for damages. Further than this it was beyond the power of the queen to help him. No doubt if an outrage on foreigners were of an atrocious nature, and if juries refused to convict in the teeth of evidence, and, still more, if similar outrages became frequent and went unpunished, the nation to which those foreigners belonged might properly insist that some better security might be provided for its subjects than the law and courts actually gave, and might treat the refusal as an offence justifying retaliation or war. Something like this has seemed not unlikely to happen as regards the Chinese in those parts of America where they abound, and where they are frequently ill-used by the populace. A European government would have resented such ill usage more warmly than China has done. The question what amount of palpable and recurring denial of justice would justify strong retaliative measures is one of degree, and does not seem to have recently arisen between civilized nations. But evidently a government would be bound to show its *bona fides* by endeavoring to improve its law and administration, should they prove insufficient for the protection of foreigners, or else must submit to be relegated to the category of semi-civilized communities.

Italy might also demand compensation for the families of her lynched subjects. (Both of them, it seems, were fugitives from Italian justice.) Primarily, the remedy would be by an action for damages against the lynchers (if the local law gives such an action to the representatives of the slain);\* but if this were unavailable, or if the jury refused to award damages though the case was proved, the request might be preferred to the government of the United States. The obligation of the government would, of course, be much more definite if it could be shown that the

lynching took place with the connivance of the public authorities, or through any deficiency in prompt action on their part. In his last despatch, Mr. Blaine admits that any neglect attributable to these authorities might properly form a ground for asking Congress to vote a compensatory sum to the relatives of the slain men. In the absence of such neglect, there is not by English law, nor, I think, by the municipal law of any American State, a claim against the State for outrages committed by rioters.

So much for the case considered on the assumption that the national government has complete control of the matter. Now, let us see how far the case is affected by the fact that the powers of the national government are limited.

The Constitution of the United States leaves with the States of the Union the right to make and the right to administer the ordinary civil and criminal laws. The preservation of order, the trial and punishment of crime belong to each State within its territorial limits, except so far as special departments of legislation or judicature may have been transferred to Congress or to the Federal courts. The presumption being in favor of the State, a right of Federal interference can be established only by showing a positive grant of power. Can any such grant be shown in the present case? There is nothing in the Constitution withdrawing aliens from the operation of the ordinary State laws or extending to them an exceptional jurisdiction of Federal courts and application of Federal statutes. The only provisions which seem in point\* are that by which treaties duly made are declared to be "the supreme law of the land" (Art. VI., sec. 1), and that which extends the power of the Federal judicature to "cases arising under treaties made under the authority of the United States." (Art. III., sec. 2.) It may, perhaps, be argued that where rights have (as in this instance) been secured to certain aliens by treaty, the murder of those aliens is a breach of the treaty, and such breach,

\* It seems that in Louisiana the relatives have such an action. Whether an action lies also against the parish, which in Louisiana corresponds to the county in other States, I do not know. Aliens have the advantage of being able to bring an action in a Federal court if they choose to do so.

\* The provisions of Amendment XIV. do not seem to be in point, for the State of Louisiana has done nothing against Italians.

therefore, a case falling under the jurisdiction of the Federal courts. To discuss this contention would lead us into a technical argument unsuited to these pages. So far as I have been able to gather, American lawyers do not think that Art. III., sec. 2, applies, though some of them hold that it might have been made to apply had Congress legislated upon the subject, as it legislated after the famous case of *Macleod* fifty years ago. It would, however, appear that the point is not quite clear, for President Harrison has referred it to his legal advisers, who have not yet delivered their reply. Be this as it may, I apprehend that a treaty might be so framed as expressly to cover cases of this nature and that a statute might be passed to carry out the treaty and provide for the trial by the Federal courts of offences committed against it. There is nothing in the Constitution of the United States to prevent cases of this kind from being brought by treaty within the purview of Federal power. Still less is there anything in the nature of a Federal system to leave aliens to the tender mercies of the component States. The Swiss Federal Constitution, for instance, seems expressly to provide for their protection by the central authority, allowing the Federal Assembly to legislate regarding them, and giving the Federal courts jurisdiction over offences in breach of international law. (Arts. 85, 112, 113.)

Assuming for the moment that the present case (owing either to the wording of the treaty or to the want of legislation to carry it out) cannot be brought within Federal jurisdiction as being a violation of a treaty, we may now ask, What is the position of the United States government in face of the claim of Italy for redress? That government can of itself do nothing to give satisfaction by way of punishment of the offenders. This belongs to the State of Louisiana. The State authorities cannot be compelled to present a bill to the grand jury. If they do the grand jury may throw out the bill.\* Even if a true bill is found, the strong probability is that a petty jury will acquit the persons charged. In whichever of these three ways the denial of punishment arises, the Federal government is helpless. It cannot offer even such redress as England offered in the *Haynau* case by undertaking to secure a prosecution. Under the

existing law it seems to have no more power to prosecute in Louisiana than it has in Canada. Supposing, however, that Congress can pass a statute bringing future cases of violence done to aliens under Federal jurisdiction, the powers of the Federal government will still remain very limited. It will be unable to strengthen the police force and instruct it to be specially watchful in protecting aliens, for there is no Federal police in Louisiana. It will remain unable to change the venue (as we could in England) from Louisiana to some other part of the Union in which popular feeling against any particular class of aliens may be less vehement, because under the Federal Constitution (Amendment VI.) "in all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed." It will be unable to alter the usual method of criminal procedure, because by another constitutional provision (Amendment V.) "no person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury." The American government will, therefore, be forced to admit that the obligation of protecting the persons of resident aliens is one which cannot be discharged as efficiently in America as the Italian government can discharge it in Italy, because the internal structure of their polity has denied to the executive legislature and judiciary the requisite legal powers.

The Americans may indeed say, falling back upon the argument suggested by the words of the Treaty of 1871: "All that we have by this treaty promised to give to Italians is the same enjoyment of rights and the same personal protection as our own native citizens receive. Natives of Pennsylvania lynched in Louisiana would be no better off than subjects of Italy. Italians coming to Louisiana must be taken to do so with the knowledge that their position will not and cannot be better than that of Pennsylvanians. And the Italian government itself must, in making the Treaty of 1871, be held to have had notice, in the very form of words used, that this was all which the stipulations of that treaty secured them. It is matter of common notoriety that our polity is regulated by a constitution which limits the powers of the national government and in particular leaves the administration of criminal justice to the States. Our contract with you is subject to the qualifications which your knowledge implies."

\* A bill has, in fact, been presented to the grand jury, and is (at the date of this writing) under consideration by that body. The general opinion is that it will be thrown out.

To this argument Italy may reply: "The internal polity of a nation is matter for itself, but not for the other nations which contract with it; and the powers which its own municipal law gives to a government are in no wise the measure of its international obligations. Nothing can cut down these obligations except express provisions. Moreover, since your constitution makes treaties part of the supreme law of the land, we Italians were entitled to assume that your Congress would pass all such legislation as would give the fullest possible efficiency to the stipulations of the Treaty of 1871. If your national government has omitted to do so, it must bear the consequences."

The latter part of the supposed Italian answer seems to be sound; but as to the former it must be remarked that free governments, such as that of Italy, must be presumed to know that in a free country the executive, though it usually possesses the power to institute judicial process, has no right to interfere with the results of that process, and may be unable to change the established system of procedure. The United States are, therefore, on stronger ground when they assert that they cannot upset the finding of a jury than when they allege that they are unable to set a jury in motion.

This is by no means the first time that the constitutional restrictions imposed upon the Federal government have brought it into difficulties with foreign powers. In the Macleod case serious trouble might not have arisen with England had not a British subject whom the New York courts were trying for murder for acts done as a British soldier been fortunately acquitted. In 1851, Mr. Webster had an embarrassing controversy with Spain, and Congress ultimately voted a sum as compensation to injured Spanish subjects. And so lately as 1882 and 1883, it was generally understood that when the British government complained repeatedly of the incitements to assassination and appeals for subscriptions to a dynamite fund published in certain New York journals, the American National Executive found itself unable to take those steps which the rules of international comity suggested and the gravity of the occasion required. The secretary of state then, like Mr. Blaine now, sought to avoid dwelling upon the limitations of its authority as an excuse for its quiescence, because it felt, as every government must feel, that in international matters this is at best an unsatisfactory answer, somewhat below the

dignity of a great nation. But this difficulty no doubt pressed heavily upon it.

We may now sum up the conclusions to which the foregoing discussion has led us. They are these:—

1. A foreign government is *prima facie* entitled to redress for injuries lawlessly inflicted on its subjects, even if no treaty grants this right, and *a fortiori* if a treaty does in fact secure it.

2. This redress may be civil by way of pecuniary compensation, or criminal by the punishment of the offenders.

3. The civil form of redress presents no great difficulty. Primarily it may be had by way of civil action against the wrongdoers; but if that is refused, or proves insufficient, the government, in this instance Congress, may grant compensation, and to any extent it pleases.\*

4. The criminal form is more important, because it affords better security for the protection of alien residents in future. Redress in this form, *i.e.*, punishment, can be given, not by the executive or legislature, but only by prosecution to conviction of the offenders under the ordinary law.

5. If punishment fails to be awarded, the defects of judicial procedure, or the perverseness of those who administer it locally, will be no answer to the complaints of a foreign government, and if the denial of justice is palpable, and the case serious, a foreign government will be entitled to treat such denial as a grave breach of international rights, possibly even as a *casus belli*.

6. This complication may arise in any country where the executive cannot interfere with the ordinary process of law. It is, however, specially apt to arise in the United States, because—

(a) The Federal government has, apparently, at present, no power to institute a prosecution for the lynching of aliens in a State.

(b) The Federal government, even if it has this power, or if (as appears to be possible) it obtains this power by appropriate legislation, cannot transfer the trial from the district where the offence was committed to some other district, still less create a special tribunal.

7. The Federal government of the United States is in the further difficulty of not being able to interfere with the police of a State for the protection of aliens.

8. These difficulties are not, however,

\* Mr. Blaine seems willing to suggest a vote to Congress.

inherent in every Federal government *eo nomine*. They arise out of the actual provisions of the United States Federal Constitution, and might have been avoided by a different drafting of that constitution.

Other similar difficulties (though, perhaps, fewer than might have been expected) with regard to aliens have arisen from the omission to place what may be called the internal regulation of the foreign relations of the United States under the full control of the Federal power. I refer to them only lest it should be fancied that a case like this is the only source whence trouble may be expected.

The moral would seem to be that the American government should put forth all such powers as Congress possesses to legislate for the protection of aliens and the carrying out of treaties within the several States (it has already full power as regards the District of Columbia and the Territories), so as to be in a better position to meet any complaints from foreign powers. It might also, in preparing future treaties, so word them as virtually to extend the legislative authority of Congress as regards aliens, or, if this is thought undesirable, the treaties might be so expressed as to carry on their face a notice to the other contracting party of the limitations to which the national government is subject.

Some influential American statesman is said to have predicted that a serious conflict between the Federal and State authorities may grow out of this Louisiana incident. To me, I confess, nothing seems less probable. The general sentiment of the United States regrets, but scarcely condemns, the violence used at New Orleans. There is at any rate no feeling sufficient to encourage the present Federal authorities to enter on a conflict which would immediately excite strong passions. The Democratic party, which has now an enormous majority in the House of Representatives, is the party specially inclined to champion State rights, and would resist any attempt to coerce Louisiana. It is certainly to be desired that the limits of Federal authority as regards the protection of aliens should be more exactly defined, and in some degree extended. But definition belongs primarily to the judiciary, and any extension must take place in the way of ordinary legislation through Congress, seeing that it would be extremely difficult to amend the Constitution. There is, therefore, no reason to think that the present administration will raise questions from which it has little or nothing to

gain, or that the Republican party leaders will venture to oppose the general current of American feeling. What is most to be wished, though hardly to be expected, is that these deplorable events should lead to a reform in the government of Louisiana, and in particular of the city of New Orleans. Lynching is the natural and almost the necessary outcome of a state of things in which ordinary justice cannot be secured.\*

It has been observed that according to the generally accepted rules of international law the internal structure of a government, and the legal restrictions to which its central executive or legislature or judiciary may be subject, do not discharge it from the ordinary liabilities of a civilized power, even when those restrictions may be supposed to be known to other nations. But let us imagine a power which has in theory complete authority over all its subjects, wherever they reside, while yet it in fact allows important groups of them to constitute distinct and practically independent communities, with legislatures and executives whose action within their respective territories it does not control, though it takes under its charge all their international relations. Suppose that in one of these communities aliens are ill treated, and treaties violated in a way which gives a foreign government just ground for complaint. Such a power would occupy a less defensible position than the United States does in its controversy with Italy. It could not allege its want of legal right to protect aliens and compel the observance of treaties, for its legal rights are complete. To say that it was accustomed to leave to their own devices communities which are in law as much its subjects as the inhabitants of its capital, would be no answer at all to foreign governments. It would have to choose between three disagreeable alternatives. One would be to repudiate its international obligations, with the serious consequences which might follow. The second would be to pay compensation in respect of acts for which it was blameless, and whose recurrence it could not prevent.

\* As an American writer truly says: "The assassination of the chief of police at New Orleans last October was undoubtedly the result of the same social conditions which caused the failure of the jury trial and the massacre of the acquitted prisoners in the gaol. In such social conditions men's reliance on the law for protection is necessarily small. Somehow or other the known presence of Judge Lynch in a community makes people careless about the character of the judges and juries provided by the [State] Constitution. They are like gluttonous persons who think they have a pill which is a sure cure for indigestion."

The third would be to coerce the communities in which the wrongs had been committed, with the possible result of provoking a rebellion.

This is the position in which Great Britain now stands. She is fully responsible to foreign nations for every wrong done in her dominions everywhere, for her legislative and executive power extends over them all. Yet practically she has ceased to control the great self-governing colonies. It is matter for wonder that up to the present time so few troubles have arisen out of this most delicate position. Nothing but the law-abiding spirit which our colonists have usually shown, and the cautious prudence which the sense of danger has forced upon the home government during the last twenty or thirty years, could have averted serious complications. A case like this of the Italians at New Orleans indicates points which ought to be carefully provided for when a Home Rule Constitution is enacted for Ireland in the course of the next few years, as they were no doubt covered by the bill of 1886. And it is well fitted to quicken the attention of British and colonial statesmen to the risks incident to the present anomalous relation of the self-governing colonies to the mother country. Britain is more vulnerable than the United States, and has more difficult cards to play. Since it is as clearly the interest of her colonies as it is her own that their political connection with her should be maintained, she may fairly ask them to join her in considering methods whereby the chances of international trouble may be diminished, and in trying to guard against dangers which, as the experience of Australia and of Newfoundland has shown, are not chimerical.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
IN "THE PACK."

ABOUT fifteen years ago Lady Harriette Nicolls wrote to her sister, the governess of Assinololand, a letter, part of which I happen to know ran as follows: "George Langley has, as usual, been making himself disagreeable, and has given us no end of annoyance. The last thing he has done is to begin building in the field close to our gate on the Maythorpe road. He has run up a row of four horrid, little, frightful houses with windows in the shape of hearts and diamonds, etc., and he is advertising them in the paper as 'The Pack.' We have quite a view of them from the

Elm walk, since the big beech came down, and only last week our rector was advising Robert to remonstrate with George Langley, as it is such a bad example, and certain to encourage drinking and gambling, and it is most unpleasant for us driving past them to church."

The houses of which Lady Harriette speaks were indeed erected by Mr. Langley with some chuckling over the probable disapproval of the sanctimonious uncle by whom he considered himself to have been cheated in a business transaction; but they really are not such undesirable dwellings as her ladyship's epithets would lead the reader to suppose. On the contrary, they are, I should say, rather favorable specimens of their kind, that, namely, which is patronized by the numerous class whom fortune has provided with neither poverty nor riches. Situated on a quiet country road, nearly a mile from Densleigh village, The Pack is within a stone's-throw of the shady plantations which skirt the Nicolls's small park, and being surrounded by pleasant, lonely pasture lands, it surveys an unsophisticatedly green and rural prospect not often associated with villa residences. But the most distinctive features of The Pack are those from which it derives its name. This designates collectively four decidedly ornate stucco edifices, separated from one another by intervals of some ten feet, which allow them to rank as "detached," and called individually Heart Lodge, Diamond Mount, Spade Villa, and Club House, in appropriate allusion to their respective doors, windows, gates, and porches, which are quaintly fashioned into the characters of the devil's books. Mr. Langley must have been greatly smitten with his conceit, to judge from the elaborateness of the detail in which he has carried it out, extending it even to the pattern of the tiled garden-paths, and of the oil-cloth in each diminutive hall, thereby much disgusting Mr. Hornidge, the builder, a man who, though far from adverse to jokes in general, being in fact accounted something of a humorist, was disposed to resent any pleasantry involving such serious subjects as bricks and mortar. "Ten per cent., good, on to the expenses," it was his habit to say, "and as like as not as much more off the rent. Hows'ever, Mr. Langley can afford to pay for his vagaries as well as most others," he would add, his ruffled professional feeling only partially soothed by a consciousness that a certain proportion of the fantastic outlay had found its way into his own pockets.



But though the name did not jump with Mr. Hornidge's humor, and was most severely frowned upon by Rectory and Hall, it was adopted quite enthusiastically by many of the Densleigh folk, and especially by the parties chiefly concerned. I suppose the main reason why we dwellers in The Pack have got on, as a rule, so well with one another and have become, for the most part, such permanent tenants, is that we happen to be a peaceable, steady, unenterprising set of people, fond neither of squabbles nor flittings; still, I always fancy that the eccentric nomenclature of our habitations has somehow acted as a bond of union among us, inspiring us with a species of *esprit de corps*, and causing us from the first to feel an interest in our immediate surroundings which we should not have possessed had we been obliged to describe them by such commonplaces as Prospect Villa or Willow Grove. Perhaps the strongest element in this bond is wit. No outsider could imagine how perennial a source of facetiæ those names afford. From the arrival of the morning letters—and is not an envelope addressed, "Mr. Bell, Diamond Mount, The Pack," a passable witticism in itself?—to the extinction of the cheerful lamp-light globules in the four little drawing-rooms, when ten to one somebody will say something funny about "following suit," occasions for these displays of cleverness are continually turning up. The topic is a perfect godsend to those amongst us who have a reputation for brilliant conversational gifts to keep them unrusted. For, given the presence in the company of anybody connected with The Pack, the slightest emphasizing of such ordinary phrases as, for example, "It's quite on the cards," or "I'm not a good hand at it," immediately converts the speech into an epigram which is sure to be applauded by members of the audience, who, foreseeing the likelihood of similar openings for distinguishing themselves, are all the readier to establish appreciative precedents. This applause is louder when the speaker achieves an appropriate personality with reference to its subject's abode: "Ah! Mrs. Lyster's heart's in the right place;" "We all know that Mr. Hewson's not afraid to call a spade a spade"—but *bons mots* of this calibre cannot be looked for every day. Indeed, many of the jocular remarks with which we neighbors are content to entertain ourselves wholly lack the attribute of novelty, and no doubt for that very reason we "like them better than a better jest," the fondness being a propensity easily ex-

plicable by the laws of association. We find them useful, moreover, as a means of restoring harmony, for if any coolness or unpleasantness has sprung up between two of us, there is no easier way of sliding back into the old friendly groove than through the interposition of such a joke, the perpetrating and recognizing of which are always regarded as a tacit reconciliation, and often have I seen scared good humor lured back by recourse to this simple expedient.

It is true that a less kindly use has sometimes been made of these opportunities. Rumors have occasionally reached me from the village of bitter allusions to packs of fools, and other disparaging sarcasms; but these are very rare exceptions, and have never resulted in putting us out of conceit with the idea, which we rival one another in attempts to realize effectively. Thus the Hewsons' ten-of-spades flowerbeds were much admired, and flattered by speedy imitation along the rest of the row, whilst our own device of filling our diamond-shaped casements with glowing scarlet blinds was considered extremely happy, and Tom Bridgford's note-paper stamped with tiny clubs seemed almost too subtle and recondite a flight of fancy. Then one spring the Miss Lysters came out in smart white dresses upon which they had sewed innumerable little hearts made of some thin pink stuff. But I believe that one of their Rochester cousins who soon afterwards came to stay with them must have condemned these costumes as vulgar, for they were presently discarded, and once, when Dora Hewson said something about them, I noticed that the girls looked discomfited, and seemed to avoid the subject.

The Lysters lived in Heart Lodge, which stands at the east end of our row. Their family consisted of father, mother, and two daughters, for the only son, being generally at sea, did not count. They were our newest comers, having, at the time I am thinking of, been only about three years in residence, and they were also, not quite solely for this reason, the least esteemed inmates of The Pack. Not that we had any particularly serious fault to find with them. It was rather that the Lysters' family failings were of a kind calculated to wound their neighbors' sensibilities more than some ethically graver delinquencies would have done; these failings being chiefly manifested in a tendency to give themselves airs and think themselves better than other people, "*why*, goodness only knows," as we always said



when discussing the matter. Perhaps the reason why partly lay in the circumstance that the Lysters were a little richer than the rest of us, and had been accustomed, before their father's retirement from business, to live upon a larger scale, so that *they* regarded The Pack as somewhat of a "come down" in the world, whereas *we* were inclined to plume ourselves upon the gentility of our abodes. Again, the satisfactory proportion between the size of their income and of their domestic circle enabled them to do much more in what we, when censoriously minded, called "the gadding about" line than could be attempted by us, whose resources would not stand the rapid transmutation of shillings and pounds into hotel bills and railway tickets; and some of us did not enjoy being asked what our plans were for Easter, or Whitsun week, or the summer holidays, when we happened to have no plans at all. But perhaps the most important point about them was the fact that they were blessed with relations of the buoying-up, air-bladder type, which forms so enviable a contrast to the depressing dead-weights whom many of us are fain to number among our kin. Their relatives seemed almost without exception to occupy that position in the social scale which renders it a pride and pleasure to make mention of their names with the prefix of "my uncle" or "my cousin;" and the Lysters frequently indulged themselves in this way. One family of cousins there was residing near Rochester whom they appeared to consider peculiarly distinguished, and it was upon the occasion of visits from these prized connections that we had observed a disposition to ignore customary intimacies, and to assume an attitude of temporary aloofness, which naturally outraged our proper pride and stiffened our manners for some weeks afterwards. Apart from those specially irritating circumstances, however, we really liked the Lysters well enough. The girls were bright and talkative, and Maud was rather pretty.

Next to Heart Lodge comes Diamond Mount, where I board and lodge, though, by virtue of a very distant cousinship and a very close friendship between myself and the house's mistress, my position in the establishment is never regarded from the hard, cold point of view which that phrase suggests. Mrs. Wyatt is a lady whom her friends wish otherwise in one respect alone, namely, the number of years by which her age exceeds fourscore; and even this drawback is easily forgotten

in her company, so cheerful, alert, sensible, and sympathetic is she, so bright are her dark eyes under her white, spun-glass-like hair, and so shrewd and kindly, and withal up to date, are her comments upon their long course of observations. Here also dwelt Mr. John Connor, her younger brother, and Miss Gertrude Banks, her niece, an old-maid, middle-aged and poor.

Spade Villa adjoins Diamond Mount, and at this time was very densely populated by the Hewson family. Two grown-up daughters, two big boys at school, and five or six smaller fry served as ample explanatory notes to the not unfrequently harassed looks of Mr. Hewson, who had a not more than tolerably good solicitor's practice in Maythorpe, and accounted for the slightly dilapidated and shabby condition of their furniture and premises, where the locust-like ravages of the children outstripped the possibilities of replacement and repair. Under these circumstances, I was pleased to observe that the girls managed to keep themselves trimly and freshly attired, a result which was, I believe, principally due to the exertions of Miss Etta, the eldest sister, for Miss Dora had studious tastes, and was more indifferent to her toilet than behoves a young lady of eighteen, her mind being divided between her books and repinings over the restrictions which her sex imposed upon the utilization of her learning. "Miss Dora Hewson goes in for Latin and Euclid, doesn't she?" Hume Bridgford said to me one day; "she looks as if she did, at any rate," added the Oxonian superciliously, evincing that want of appreciation for female thirst after knowledge which is so often noticeable among his compeers. Etta Hewson had no such misplaced propensities. A pretty edition of her hard-featured sister, and constitutionally light-hearted and good-tempered, she generally seemed to be well contented with her lot in life, a little dull, perhaps, now and then, or a little worried by the children, but, upon the whole, fleeing the time carelessly enough, untroubled by darker, forward-looking thoughts than suit the golden age of twenty.

Westward The Pack terminated in Club House, the Bridgford's abode. Old Mr. Bridgford had also retired from business, over the nature of which, however, he made no attempt to throw that glamour of vagueness diffused by the word "merchant" wherewith the Lysters sought to invest their antecedents. All the world were welcome to know, so far as he was

concerned, that he had been the senior partner in the firm of Bridgford and Peters, who had for many years carried on business as seedsmen in York; not over prosperously of late, so that he had been able to dispose of his share in the concern upon only moderately advantageous terms when he withdrew into private life. The Bridgfords, like the Hewsons and ourselves, were, so to speak, autochthons, having inhabited Club House ever since its walls were dry, though their numbers had been diminished by the marriage of both daughters and the departure of the eldest son to grow tea in Assam, whence he had before very long despatched a pair of small, fat, anything but exotic-looking children to be spoiled by his old mother at home. The only one of the young people, therefore, still permanently quartered at Club House was Tom, who had a good clerkship in Maythorpe, whither he repaired every morning, perched atop of a big, intricately spoked wheel like a gigantic spider's web. His youngest brother, Hume, was for the most part absent, keeping his terms at Oxford, having attained to a university career through the aid of a scholarship and a maternal uncle. If a stranger had been called upon to point out which of the two brothers was the undergraduate of Christ Church, he would probably have guessed wrong, for Hume Bridgford was not only awkward and shy — qualities compatible enough with the rôle of a reading man — but had also, despite his unquestioned abilities, a dull and heavy countenance, joined to a generally bucolic aspect more suggestive of agricultural than of academic pursuits; whereas Tom, besides being a tall, good-looking young fellow, well set up, athletic, and slightly military in appearance, possessed the further advantages of easy, polished manners, and a certain high-bred air for which we found it difficult to account except by supposing him to have inherited it from his mother's family, who were rumored to have regarded her marriage as a *mésalliance*. It was not, however, merely the possession of these superficial merits that had made Tom Bridgman so great a favorite with us of Diamond Mount, second only, indeed, to Etta Hewson, who had been long installed in the position of the nicest girl we knew; for the lad was well-principled and far from unintelligent, being gifted with a sense of humor which saved him from either priggishness or cynicism.

At the time I think of our interest in these two young people was enhanced by

the fact that, having watched them grow up together from mere children, seeing the frankness of ten and twelve supplanted by hobbledohoy seventeen's gawky indifference and the monosyllabic bashfulness of unformed fifteen, we had latterly noted signs which led us to augur the springing up of an attachment between our favorites. My cousin and I had never alluded to the subject, but I believe that each was quite aware of the other's surmise, and that we both agreed in looking on with approbation. It was true that the match would be a by no means wealthy one, but Tom's prospects were fairly good, as with all his athletic feats and soldierly bearing he was admitted to have a clear head for business, and to be as steady as old Time; whilst the portionless Etta was simple in her tastes, and had already manifested some talent for thrifty housekeeping. Altogether we deemed ourselves justified in feeling the satisfaction with which, in these days of multiplying old maids, a benevolent elder may see a young life timely quitting the path towards their forlorn precincts by the safe and honorable exit of a genuine love marriage.

This being so, it was with no small chagrin that in the course of the particular summer which I have in my mind we perceived a gradual clouding over of our hitherto sunny little romance. It is not improbable that several minor causes may have co-operated in bringing about this effect, but it is certain that the most potent, and to us the most patent one, was the prolonged sojourn at Heart Lodge of the Lysters' cousin, Miss Daisy Hancock. She was a young lady who, as a general rule, looked about five-and-twenty, though when she was tired or cross, certain fine lines showed themselves at the corners of her eyes and mouth, as old finger-marks reappear when you breathe upon glass, and wrote her down some years nearer thirty. Be this as it may, the only fact about her which much concerns us here was that she belonged to the class of women who find existence impracticable without some phantom, at least, of what housemaids naïvely term a fowler, and for whose piece of mind it is well that the activity of their imaginations is but little impeded by the discouragingly passive demeanor of any individual whom they may elect to look upon in that light. Daisy Hancock, like all those of her clan who are meagrely endowed with personal charms, had gained considerable experience in the conduct of more or less lopsided flirtations, and accordingly, hav

ing once determined that Tom Bridgford was to be their object, she began her manœuvres with a veteran's composure and *aplomb*. Have we not all seen the like? She made Tom teach her chess; she requested him to button her gloves; she gave him commissions to execute for her in Maythorpe (which was really rather stupid of her, as small parcels are irritating companions upon a bicycle); she took short strolls along the Maythorpe road to meet him on his way back from his office—a thing Etta Hewson would not have done for her weight in gold—and caused him to walk home beside her trundling his tall "express;" she painted a device of clubs, rather badly, upon the handle of his tennis-racket; she sang what she said were his favorite songs, and she asked his opinion and advice upon all manner of subjects.

It need not be assumed, however, that in all this she had any more serious purpose before her than to amuse herself for a while in a way which, she imagined, gave her some prestige, and her proceedings some *déclat*, in her neighbors' eyes; and Tom himself quite understood the situation, and was slightly bored thereby, as I judged from the increasing frequency with which he absented himself from The Pack on Saturday half-holidays. But it was otherwise with Etta. Her experience of society had been extremely limited, nor were there in her own character and tastes any elements calculated to give her an intuitive insight into the nature of the phenomena presented by Miss Hancock. All she saw was that Tom and the newcomer were constantly laughing and talking together in tones of easy familiarity upon which she, reasoning from very imperfect analogies, could only put one interpretation. She neither detected nor suspected the petty stratagems by which Miss Hancock achieved that monopoly of Tom's society, but their success was painfully apparent to her, and, if I am not much mistaken, caused her many a melancholy hour. As the weeks went on, she grew very pale and quiet. At the best of times she was rather subject to shy fits, the presence of a single stranger often sufficing to envelop her in a silent and sad-visaged primness; but she now seemed to have permanently retreated behind that effacing screen, and on more than one occasion I saw Tom look puzzled and disconcerted when his remarks were responded to across an icy distance, the origin of which he was very far from divining. Matters, moreover, were pres-

ently further complicated by the arrival of Hume Bridgford to spend the long vacation. For it so happened that he, simply because she, as an old acquaintance, was less formidable to him than the Miss Lysters, whilst he suspected her sister Dora of desiring to engage him in learned discourse, attached himself to Etta with a marked exclusiveness which the casual observer might easily have attributed to other motives, and which she met with a frank friendliness surviving from the time when she used to pity the ungainly school-boy for always looking so awkward and uncomfortable.

Under ordinary circumstances Tom would have thought nothing of this, the idea of Hume becoming his rival in any more practical matters than hendecasyllables or conjectural emendations being so entirely heterogeneous with all the growths of his previous experience that it could not easily take root in his mind. But now Etta's coldness had roused a sensitiveness in him which was, I fancy, heightened by jokes and insinuations upon the part of Daisy Hancock, whom I once overheard saying something to him about "the inseparables" which made him look positively ferocious. It was soon after this that he began to talk quite seriously, as it seemed, about a promising opening for himself which he had heard of in an Australian house of business, and, upon the whole, affairs assumed an aspect which threatened to terminate in a case of "shy she was, and I thought her proud, thought her cold, and fled over the sea."

This unsatisfactory state of things weighed a good deal upon my mind, and quite spoiled my pleasure in watching the little groups upon the lawn-tennis ground in the field at the back of The Pack, whither it was the custom of our young people to resort of an afternoon; for the partners always "sorted themselves" wrongly. Having a Promethean amount of leisure on hand, I could, and did, devote much time to observing the progress of the estrangement, until at last I became so well versed in the ins and outs of it, and could read so clearly between the lines of many trivial speeches and actions, that I occasionally felt half guilty, as if I had obtained my knowledge by some surreptitious or otherwise unjustifiable means. This feeling was particularly strong upon me one day, when I heard Etta, who was paying us an early visit, say in a restless sort of way to my cousin, as they sat together over their knitting: "Mrs. Wyatt, don't you sometimes get horribly tired of

always living in the same place?" And at the same time I so vividly realized the frame of mind which had prompted Etta's speech, that I was almost disposed to blame my cousin for want of sympathy in her calm reply: "I sometimes did when I was your age, my dear." That accusation, however, would have been an entirely unfounded one, as I have since seen reason to believe.

Etta had not left us long, when Mrs. Wyatt said: "Do you know I've been thinking of writing and advising my grand-nephew, Reginald Strong, to come here in Mr. Madden's place?" (Mr. Madden was the Densleigh curate, whose health this summer compelled him to take a long holiday.) "I know that the rector has not heard of any one yet, and is in straits for a stop-gap. Reginald is not overburdened with brains, but he is not a bad kind of boy, and he has just left his last curacy. If he comes," my cousin continued in a tone intended to convey the impression that she regarded this point as a mere matter of detail, which, to the best of my belief, was *not* the case, "we could put him up here, and save him the expense of lodgings."

And so it came about that the next week saw the Rev. Reginald De Burgh Strong established at Diamond Mount. He was, as his grandaunt had candidly owned, not endowed with any very brilliant intellectual gifts; but he was, what proved much more to her purpose, rather good-looking in the mediæval saint style, exceedingly Ritualistic, and remarkably fond of female society. It should in justice be observed that he possessed some other more intrinsically valuable qualities, though with these we have at present nothing to do. His advent occasioned quite a revolution in The Pack. If the whole bench of bishops had come among us, they could not have imported with them a more ecclesiastical atmosphere. Incense, candles, Gregorians, and vestments became the prevailing topics of conversations in which the Rev. Reginald's late rector, who had been convicted of holding highly unorthodox views upon these points, occupied the position of reigning bugbear. The Miss Lysters succumbed at once; before a week had passed they were working an altar-mat. Our Miss Banks took to fasting on Fridays, which, poor soul, was the only demonstration which her means allowed her to make. Even fat, jolly Mrs. Hewson was slightly infected, and having with some difficulty stirred up Dora — for Etta, who remained proof against the cu-

rate's charms, upon this occasion showed herself most unusually obdurate about falling in with her mother's wishes — went off with her and some reluctant smaller children to early matins; whilst the tennis-ground was deserted on the very finest afternoons, owing to a sudden recollection of the long-ignored fact that even-song began at half past five.

It need scarcely be said that this enthusiasm was not shared by the male portion of our community. On the contrary, a studiously apathetic and superciliously non-participant attitude was adopted by them, enlivened now and then with a sarcastic sally; as when, for instance, Hume Bridgford was once heard announcing to an audience of scandalized maidens that he had a great mind to ask Mr. Strong to new baptize our dwellings by the name of Lamb Lodge, Sheep Villa, Mutton House, Shepherd Mount, The Flock; a reckless project which he, of course, had no intention of carrying out, though his enjoyment of the pleasantries had made him forget his shyness; and I saw the proud consciousness of it in his face all through Mr. Strong's sermon on the following Sunday. But as for my cousin and me, albeit nowise tempted to join the worshipping party, we watched its proceedings well content, for most prominent among the devotees was Daisy Hancock, the consequence being that the unflagging current of her attentions, which had lately flowed around Tom, suddenly slipped away into another channel, and that our pair of lovers, who had seemingly begun to drift apart upon a steam of trivialities, now drew together again, only dimly conscious of what the sundering influence had been. A conviction that all would go well was borne in upon me from the first moment when I saw Miss Hancock busied with crimson silk and gold thread, the ingredients of a pair of bookmarkers for the lecturer at St. Luke's. But my apprehensions finally departed one soft late August afternoon, when I saw from my window Tom and Etta alone upon the tennis-ground, ostensibly engaged in a single match, though to a close observer the game appeared to be a curious one, its rules requiring the frequent presence of both players upon the same side of the net, over which the balls sent to and fro were very few and far between; whilst a little way down the road I descried a female group escorting a long black figure in the direction of a bell which was tingtanging from behind a clump of trees hard by. And were this narrative carried much

further, I should come upon a theme to which I cannot here do justice — a wedding in The Pack.

From Temple Bar.

SARSFIELD: A JACOBITE RAPPAREE.

THE names of a nation's heroes are written in the hearts of its people. For them there may be no tombs in the dim aisles of the cathedral, no records in the public libraries, no statues in the street; but their memories are cherished none the less lovingly in the traditions of the country-side, the legends of the chimney-corner, above all, in the ballad poetry. Of a people like the Irish, whose popular favorites have found themselves almost invariably opposed to the dominant power, this is essentially true, and of no Irishman is it more true than of that soldier, without fear and without reproach, Patrick Sarsfield, called the Earl of Lucan.

No life of him exists. His story, such as is known of it, must be gleaned from a hundred casual references in books which, for the most part, rest in the thickening dust of some uncared-for shelf. Even when all is told it consists of little more than the record of some half-score of years of brilliant failure. He flashes like some fiery meteor across a stormy sky, now heading the charge of the Life Guards against the levies of "King Monmouth," now inspiring his wild Irishmen to stand firm against the disciplined battalions of William of glorious memory; now a lieutenant of "the hunchbacked dwarf" of France; until at last he sinks amidst the blood-splashed cottages of Neerwinden, one of that company of Irishmen whose swords were flashing over Europe — from Moscow to Madrid — in every quarrel save their own.

But if the allusions to Sarsfield in the "dry-as-dust" books are few and far between, there exists another quarry which may be worked to advantage. The songs and legends of any country, though not exactly the materials on which to base a historical study of a man's career, contain, nevertheless, a solid quantum of fact, even if wrapped in a perfect mist of fable, and are, at any rate, useful as determining the proper estimate of their subjects. The appearance of Sarsfield's name in Irish ballad poetry is not merely casual, it occurs again and again. Even after the lapse of two centuries the village minstrels still chant his praises, just as the political

organizations adopt his name, as synonymous of all that is best and purest in patriotism. He is ranked with the most beloved leaders of his people — men who, whatever their failings or whatever their mistakes, shared alike this great glory, that they wrote Ireland upon their forehead and shrunk from nothing in her service — as they are named in the Gaelic marching song: —

Mindful of our great instructors,  
Sarsfield, Emmett, Davis, Tone,  
On our own right hand relying,  
In ourselves we trust alone.

Of much earlier origin is the curious tag attached to the portrait of him now in the possession of those representatives of his race, the Bingham Earls of Lucan, and which, according to an old legend, was put to sacrilegious use as a knapsack-cover when the French plundered Castlebar House: —

Of Patrick Sarsfield, Ireland's wonder,  
Who fought in the field like any thunder,  
One of King James's chief commanders,  
Now lies the food of crows in Flanders.  
Oh, Hone! oh, Hone!

But whether in the more chastened lay of the cultured singer, or in the quaint doggerel of the village ballad-monger, there are always present the same sentiments of love, admiration, and respect. The general inspiration of these songs is to be found, naturally enough, in the great achievement of his life, the defence of the great city by the Shannon; but his praises do not end there. His magnificent courage is the theme of the recurring line in the "Battle of Limerick": —

And hurrah! for bold Sarsfield, the bravest  
of all.

It is his horse that the blacksmith is shoeing when he rushes on with his prentice boys, hammer in hand, to join its owner in the breach: —

"'Tis Sarsfield's horse that wants the shoes,  
so mind not shot nor shell;"  
"Ah, sure," cried both, "the horse can wait,  
for Sarsfield's on the wall."

It is his absence that the rapparee laments has put courage into the Saxon: —

O, black's your heart, Clan Oliver, and colder  
than the clay!  
O, high's your head, Clan Sassenach, since  
Sarsfield's gone away.

Until, at last, we take leave of him in Davis's beautiful death song, an exile, sobbing out his life in Landen fight: —



Sarsfield is dying on Landen Plain!  
His corslet had met the ball in vain.  
As his life-blood gushes into his hand,  
He says, "Oh, that this was for fatherland!"

This is the estimate of the Irish people of their great hero, and it may be said to be confirmed by the testimony of their opponents. The modern political party-writer can hardly be accused of dipping his quill in rose-water; but, compared to the Jacobite and Orange pamphleteers of the Revolution, he states his case with preposterous moderation. Yet, even at a time when "The Irish Night" was fresh in their recollections, these men could write of Sarsfield, not only without scurrility but without passion; whilst, perhaps, the most bigoted of all the Protestant historians could divert the torrent of his invective, to pen a glowing eulogy of the Catholic soldier.

Such is the material, sober and romantic, from which it is possible to piece together the fragments of Sarsfield's career. It is not sufficient for the realization of a great historical portrait, in which all the side-lights and lines may be brought out with faultless accuracy; but, as a sketch of a great Irishman, for whom the world cares little, because it knows less, "'tis," in the words of dying Mercutio, "enough; 'twill serve."

The De Sarsfelds had come into Ireland with Strongbow. They had settled within the pale, and been known for centuries as prominent members of the English garrison. One of them had been standard-bearer to Henry Plantagenet; another had fought in Scotland with the first Edward against Wallace; a third with the victor of Cressy against Bruce. Under the Tudor monarchs they had repeatedly held the great office of mayor of Dublin, in which they had been famous, not more for the magnificence of their hospitality than for the power of their swords. In the reign of James I. Sir Dominick Sarsfield, first of the Irish creation of baronets, had been lord chief justice of Common Pleas, and, on the accession of Charles I., had been raised to the peerage as Viscount Kilmallock. The head of another branch of the family, at this time, was Sir William Sarsfield, lord of the great manor of Lucan, and it was his grandson, Patrick, who, by marriage with Anne O'More, became father of the renowned Irish leader.

But if Sarsfield's ancestry, on his father's side, was one of pure Norman origin, not less pure was his lineage, through his mother, from the old Celtic race. Herself a daughter of the famous

Rory, Rory of the Hills, Anne O'More could trace back her descent to a period long before the name of Butler or Fitzgerald had been heard in Ireland; when the Dillons were still soldiers in Aquitaine, and the Bourkes had not yet taken ship at the bidding of Rollo, the viking, for the invasion of Normandy. Lugad was her ancestor, and Conall Carnach, and so back to that dim vista before the Christian era, when Conor MacNessa ruled, at Emania, over the wild tribesmen of Uladh.

Such was the stock from which Sarsfield came. What influence such elements might, in ordinary times, have exercised over his career it is useless to speculate. The revolution of 1688 placed a definite issue before him. He made his decision, and he never afterwards faltered in his choice.

The records of his early years have apparently perished. The place, even the date of his birth, is unknown; perhaps it was Lucan, presumably in the fifth decade of the seventeenth century. He was educated, like so many of his countrymen, including the greatest of all Irish soldiers, in a French military academy; and, when he was old enough, received his first commission — a pair of colors in the regiment of Monmouth, then in the pay of the king of France. In the employment of his Most Christian Majesty there was much blood-letting to be done, and the ministers charged with the office of providing funds for the expression of the exhaustless whims of Madame de Montespan were not likely for long to permit a body of hired mercenaries to possess their bayonets in peace. The routine of guard-mounting and the relief of sentries was quickly exchanged for the sterner realities of the camp-fire and the trenches. He served in the English contingent of the French army in that wonderful war when the grandson of William the Silent loosed the ocean against the invader, stilling the fears and nerving the hearts of his people with the glorious declaration, "That the Hollanders might survive Holland, and might rear, under the Southern Cross, amidst the sugarcanes and nutmeg-trees, the exchange of a wealthier Amsterdam, and the schools of a more learned Leyden." The records of the regiment of Monmouth may be said not to exist. The story of Sarsfield's share in its fortunes, unless buried in some forgotten pile of yellow papers, is in like case. Macaulay, it is true, says that he fought gallantly, a phrase at which no one is likely to be found to cavil, though in the conjunc-



in which it occurs it looks suspiciously as if the great historian had merely utilized it to point an antithesis. At any rate, he witnessed the art of war as practised by those giants of the century—Vauban, Turenne, and the great Condé. And when, on the cessation of hostilities, the brigade was broken up, he came over to London with sufficient interest to obtain a commission in the Life Guards.

The military establishment of the Restoration was organized on a very different basis from that of our own time. Twenty years had not elapsed since the Battle of Worcester; and the nation remembered, with about equal degrees of disgust, the ribald intolerance of Rupert's "Alsations," and the sanctimonious bigotry of Cromwell's "Saints." No power on earth could have induced Parliament either to recognize the principle or make provision for a standing army. The half-a-dozen regiments which Charles had managed to recruit were little more than his personal retainers. They were paid out of his private purse, and were subject to no legal discipline whatever. A soldier, it is true, who struck his colonel was guilty of a common assault, but a soldier who deserted was acting within his rights. No barracks existed; the bulk of the troops was billeted upon the numerous innkeepers within the purlieus of the court. Favored even amongst their fellows were the gentlemen of the Royal Life Guards. They were drawn, to a large extent, from the most respected families of the day, and received a pay comparatively far larger than that of a modern subaltern. Their special duty was the protection of the royal family. Such was the service to which Sarsfield came, fresh from the gorgeous pomp and iron discipline of the camps of Louis the Grand.

For the next seven or eight years he lived about the court, fulfilling his military duties, and acquiring a knowledge of affairs which afterwards gave him some pre-eminence amongst his more provincial countrymen. He mounted his guards, rode by the royal carriage when the king went in state to Westminster or the City, and took his turn as escort of the treasure despatched from the capital to the ports. For the rest, he was at liberty to mingle with the gay crowd which thronged the corridors of the palace, to laugh at the latest epigram of Rochester's, or to listen to the newest piece of scandal about the maids of honor. Of his life at this period we can glean little information, a fact probably very much to his credit. Had

he been a politician in a small way, or a debauchee in a large way, no doubt we should have had the full tale of all his enormities. From a couple of casual references, however, in the diary of Narcissus Luttrell, it is evident that, in one respect at any rate, he had no difficulty in conforming to the customs of the age. The great fair at Smithfield, originated by that sublime humbug, the pious monk Rayer, who from king's jester had raised himself to be prior of St. Bartholomew's, was then in all its glory. In the year 1681, amongst its manifold attractions, in the shape of dwarfs and giants, of strong men and fat women, of strolling players and itinerant ballad-mongers, was a certain big Irishman, who, Lord Grey facetiously declared, "would make a swinging evidence." The jest was carried to Sarsfield. He declared that his nation was insulted, and promptly sent a cartel to the offender. Some one, however, interfered to spoil sport. The challenger was laid by the heels; and though he escaped from the round-house, no more was heard of the business. This was in September; three months later he was more fortunate. His young kinsman, Lord Kinsale, had had a quarrel with Lord Newburgh. A meeting was arranged between them. Their seconds were Mr. Kirk and Captain Sarsfield. Now it was one of the extraordinary laws of these affairs of honor, that not only the principals, but their friends, enjoyed the right to kill each other. Whilst, therefore, the former were settling their differences, which they did harmlessly enough, the latter engaged in a fight upon their own account, with the result that Sarsfield had to be taken home badly hurt.

Such was the ordinary tenor of Sarsfield's life in these days; and certainly there was not much opportunity in it for advancement. But a change was at hand. Suddenly there came that February morning in the year 1685, when, as the winter daybreak pierced through the shutters at Whitehall, King Charles lay, with blackened face, upon his pillows, apologizing to his attendants, with the last flicker of his old humor, for being "such an unconscionable time in dying." Soon after noon the heralds were crying "God save King James!" in front of the Exchange. The substitution of a bilious fanatic for an elderly roué, on the throne of England, might not, at first blush, have appeared to make much difference to Sarsfield's prospects; but events were working in his favor beneath the surface. The late king had once declared that Catholicism was

the only religion for a gentleman, but then it was only when the devil was sick that the devil thought about the matter at all. The new king, however, whatever else he may have been, was at any rate a sincere and zealous Romanist, and he had not been on the throne many months before it was indubitably clear that no one who did not share his faith would share his favor. As a member of one of the most ancient families in the kingdom, who had remained steadfastly loyal to the old religion, it was hardly possible that Sarsfield could fail to profit by the new *régime*. But first there was more fighting to be done. Sarsfield's relative and old commander, the Duke of Monmouth, had landed at Lynn, in Dorsetshire, and had himself proclaimed as king. The gentry held coldly aloof, but the traders and peasantry flocked in hundreds to his standard. The moment the news reached London, the troops were ordered to the front. Churchill, with the Blues, pushed rapidly west; Feversham, with the main body, followed as expeditiously as possible. By the 5th of July, the royal army lay encamped on Sedgemoor; a few miles off the rebels occupied Bridgewater. From the tower of St. Mary's Church Monmouth reconnoitred the enemy. The discipline maintained by Feversham, his spies assured him, was as lax as possible. He resolved to put his fortunes to the hazard of a night attack. The evening closed in. The moon was full, but a thick, white mist shrouded the moor. At eleven the men mustered for the assault. The word was "Soho!" For the first mile or two perfect silence was maintained; then, in the press at one of the narrow causeways crossing the dykes, a pistol exploded. In a moment the carbines of the enemies' pickets echoed the report. The alarm was given. Monmouth saw he had but one chance. Turning to Lord Grey, he ordered him to push forward with the cavalry, and keep the royal troops from forming, whilst he himself brought up the infantry. The rebel horse galloped to the front. Suddenly, on the very verge of the camp, they found themselves stopped by a great dyke, of the very existence of which they were uninformed. As they drew rein, a voice challenged them from the opposite side:—

"For whom are you?"

"For the king!"

"For which king?"

"For King Monmouth. God with us!"

A line of flame flashed along the bank. The Guards, for it was they, had delivered

their fire; and, before they could reload, Grey and his horse were scattering in hopeless rout over the moor. At this moment, Monmouth came up with the foot. The roar of musketry swelled out all along the bank. For three quarters of an hour the regular troops and the west country militia poured their volleys into one another. Then the rebel fire began to slacken. Their powder had given out; and up from their ranks there went the piteous cry of "Ammunition! For God's sake, ammunition!" But there was no help; Grey and his horsemen had swept away the magazine wagons in their headlong flight. Monmouth saw clearly that the day was lost. Even then a brave man would have stood his ground at the head of the wretched yokels who had left their ploughs to die for him. Instead, he mounted his horse, and rode for his life. And now a new terror smote upon the ears of the vanquished. The kettledrums were heard beating to the charge. And through the lifting haze of the midsummer day-break, wave after wave of the Household Cavalry came surging down upon them. Oglethorpe, with the Blues broke in upon the left; Sarsfield, with his Life Guards, dashed against the right. Still, deserted by their leaders, the clowns stood firm. Back to back, with pike and scythe-blade, they beat off the attack. Many a black charger galloped riderless away. Sarsfield, hurled from his saddle, lay senseless on the ground and was left for dead by his troopers as they drew sullenly off. But the end was coming. Dunbarton had got his regiment across the dyke. Kirke and his "lambes" were forming in their rear. The horses of the Bishop of Winchester had at last brought the artillery into action. The cavalry rallied, and came back in a last furious onset. At last the ranks broke. Pitching away their arms, the rebels fled over the moor, whilst the troopers thundered in pursuit, cursing and sabreing as they rode. By evening a long line of gibbets fringed the edge of the moor. Beneath them the king's troops caroused and hiccuped out their drunken songs. Such was the night of Sedgemoor; the morrow was the morrow of Judge Jeffreys.

The western rebellion had owed its modicum of success to one cause alone, the championship, by Monmouth, of the Protestant faith. Such a fact ought to have acted as a warning to a Catholic king bent upon the restoration of the old religion. But James was a typical Stewart, incapable of learning to the last. As a

result he found himself, in three years, face to face with a second rebellion. But what a change those years had wrought! The "bloody assize" had been held, the bishops had been brought to the bar—above all, his queen had presented him with an heir. Under such circumstances even "King Monmouth" might have set up his blue ensigns with hopes of victory. The man, however, who landed in Torbay was very unlike poor James Crofts. He had beaten the first captains and statesmen of the continent on their own ground. He came now, not with a couple of herring-boats and a score or two of followers, but with the finest fleet in Europe and an army of veteran troops. Not less different was the character of his reception. The great nobles had spurned the pretension of Lucy Walter's son, the great nobles did not consider it beneath them to uncover in the presence of the grandson of William the Silent; the Bishop of Winchester had harnessed his carriage horses to Feversham's guns, the Bishop of London, in jack-boots and with pistols in his holsters, rode into Nottingham at the head of the Princess Anne's body-guard; at Sedgemoor, Churchill had drawn up the royal army, at Salisbury, James was informed by letter that that worthy's conscience had driven him over to the enemy.

It was clear that the king would need every sword upon which he could rely; and probably he had not in his whole army a more loyal officer than Sarsfield. A great change had come over that soldier's lot. He was no longer the younger son who had gone to woo fortune in the Dutch war. His elder brother, who had been married to a natural daughter of Charles II. by the same mother as Monmouth, had died without an heir, and Patrick was now lord of the manor of Lucan. His rents from these estates were estimated at not less than two thousand pounds a year, a considerable income for those days; whilst by his marriage with Lady Honoria de Burgo, daughter of the Earl of Clanricarde, he had allied himself to one of the most powerful families in Ireland. He was now a colonel, and had been entrusted with the command of the Irish levies which Tyrconnel was pouring over from Dublin, and whose advent had set half England whistling "Lillibullero."

Early in November, William was keeping court at Exeter; the headquarters of the king were at Salisbury. It was evident that the rival outposts might at any moment come in contact. About the middle of the month, Mackay, who com-

manded the prince's advanced guard, being in want of transport, sent out a detachment, under a lieutenant named Campbell, to endeavor to procure it. Sarsfield and his Irish were known to be in the vicinity. Campbell felt his way cautiously. He passed through the sleepy village of Sherborne, with its noble Gothic minster and battered Norman keep, and coming to Wincanton, found what he wanted, and turned to go. Scarcely, however, had he cleared the houses, when Sarsfield was upon him. The Irish numbered a hundred and twenty sabres, Campbell's force was only fifty strong, but he was a Scotch Presbyterian, who would have as soon thought of uncovering to the "host" as of surrendering to a Papist. He blocked the road with a handful of his men, massed the remainder in an adjoining enclosure, and prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible. Sarsfield sent his men straight at the enemy.

"Stand!" shouted Campbell, as they approached. "For whom are you?"

"For King James!" was the reply.

"I am for the Prince of Orange!" returned Campbell.

"We'll prince you!" roared the other, with a laugh and a curse, and gave the word to charge. Three times, before the enemy could close, Campbell's men poured in their fire. One of the royal officers was killed, a second had his jaw smashed, many of the troopers' saddles were emptied. But the odds were too heavy. The dragoons burst through the hedge-row; in another moment its defenders would have been cut down where they stood, had not a passing miller, who shared to the full the popular antipathy to James and his Irish soldiers, hurried up with the lying information that the prince's troops were entering Wincanton in force. Sarsfield had no intention of being caught between two fires; he called off his men and galloped away, leaving Campbell to continue his retreat unopposed.

But it was not by fighting that the last of the Stuart kings was to be driven from the throne. It was by the more gentle process of wasting. Everywhere men were renouncing their allegiance. Bath hauled down the royal ensign at Plymouth. Danby galloped into York, shouting, "No Popery!" Lovelace rode through the streets of Oxford with his drums beating "Lillibullero." The princess Anne, in dressing-gown and slippers, fled, at dead of night from Whitehall in a hackney coach. Even the king's personal adherents threw off the mask. Cornbury de-

sented in broad daylight; Churchill and Grafton under cover of darkness. Only Prince George remained. At the news of each fresh disaster he would take a huge pinch of snuff, and grunt out phlegmatically, "Est-il-possible?" One morning he too was missing.

"What," sneered the wretched James, "is Est-il-possible gone? After all, a good trooper would have been a greater loss."

At last the king's decision was taken. The queen and the Prince of Wales were smuggled out of the country. A few weeks later, to the inexpressible relief of his enemies, who afforded him every facility, he made his own escape.

As soon as the king was fairly gone, William assumed the reins of government. His first thought was for the pacification of the country. One of James's last acts had been to give vent to his malice by disbanding his army. His Irish troops were now prowling about the metropolis in a state bordering upon starvation. They were at once collected, disarmed, and shipped across the channel. Sarsfield himself William made an effort to secure in his own service. If peace was to be maintained in Ireland, it was necessary to find an envoy of influence and authority to negotiate with Tyrconnel. The delicate and confidential mission was offered to Sarsfield. He at once declined it. He was ready, he told William, to serve against the king of France, but he would be no party to depriving his lawful sovereign of any part of his inheritance. The two men separated with mutual respect; the one to continue his quest of an ambassador; the other to follow his old master into exile.

On the morning of the 13th of February, 1688, under the windows of the banquetting chamber at Whitehall, from which Charles I. had stepped on to the scaffold, the Garter king-at-arms made the proclamation which announced that that monarch's son had ceased to rule in England. James, however, proved by no means willing to acquiesce in the usurpation of his son-in-law. In one corner of his dominions he was, at any rate, still sure of a warm welcome. In whatever light his conduct might be viewed by the nonconforming Whigs and dispossessed prelates of England, in the eyes of the Catholic peasantry of Ireland it was that of a man who had done more to ameliorate their position than all the kings who had ruled over their country since Strongbow's conquest. Stronger still than their affection

for him was their hatred of his enemies. And it might yet be that the "Tandem Triumphans" banner of the Stewarts would be borne, amidst Irish bayonets, through the streets of London. Animated by such thoughts, he embarked with his chief Irish adherents, on the 5th of May, at Brest. A week later he landed at Kinsale.

The state of the country to which James now came, to throw his last hazard, was already so pitiable that even civil war could hardly make it worse. For centuries its normal condition had been one of suppressed strife, varied only by moments of furious rebellion and merciless repression. Had the conquest of Strongbow been at once as complete and overwhelming as that of England by William, or had the Irish been able to preserve their independence to the same extent as the Scotch, a happier result might have been attained. But whilst on the one hand the English planters had always displayed a tendency, so far from impressing their characteristics upon the conquered, to adopt those of the aborigines, and become more Irish than the Irish; on the other, the Irish tribes, though they had produced such soldiers as Hugh and Owen Roe O'Neill, and had won as great victories as Bannockburn and Stirling, had invariably squandered the results in an internecine quarrel, or, in the phrase of that lament composed as a "Farewell to Patrick Sarsfield," "had scorned to combine."

To this racial war, between the Saxon and the Celt, the Reformation had added the still more odious contest between the Protestant and the Papist. The Celt had stood staunchly by his priest and his mass; the Saxon had, as a rule, adopted the most rigid dogmas of the new faith. Such elements were in themselves irreconcilable. It became the shameful policy of successive governments to intensify their antagonism. By the time of the Restoration the condition of the Catholic peasant had become almost unendurable; he roamed, like a wolf, over the mountains, through the woods, or crouched, like a serf, in the mud-cabins which clustered on the land of which he had once been owner. The accession of a king of his own faith could not fail to fill him with fresh hopes. And, undoubtedly, had James been a strong man and a great statesman, he might have done much for Ireland. Unfortunately, he was a mere bigot; his one idea was the suppression of Protestantism. He seems to have regarded Ireland



simply as an immense arsenal, from which he could draw the material for his struggle, and to which, in the event of a check, he might retire, pulling up the sluices of Catholic animosity, and allowing its passions to overwhelm his enemies, just as his son-in-law had opened the dykes of Holland against the French. The nature of his policy was quickly manifested in his choice of an instrument. Had he been actuated by a sincere desire to heal up, once for all, those festering wounds through which the life of the nation was ebbing, he would have turned to such men as the Protestant Mountjoy or the Catholic Clancarty. His choice fell upon the Earl of Tyrconnel.

A quarter of a century before, when the royal princes were refugees on the Continent, this man had been recommended to them, as willing to attempt the life of the giant who stood between them and the throne. Oliver, however, died in his bed, and Monk proved the king-maker. Talbot exchanged his dagger for a rapier, and appeared at Whitehall. Even in the dissolute and ribald atmosphere of that court, the outrageousness of his behavior attracted attention. He seemed to have interpreted literally the wild boast of Goring, that no action was dishonorable which was backed by a naked blade. It happened that about this time James was casting about for an excuse to repudiate the promise of marriage by which he had accomplished the seduction of Anne Hyde. This Talbot undertook to supply. He described, with great detail, his own stolen interviews with the frail lady. Luckily the plot collapsed. The accuser was forced to eat his words, and the marriage took place. But "lying Dick Talbot" was absolutely unabashed. Having failed as an assassin and a perjurer, he now essayed the rôle of a patriot. Himself an Irish Catholic, he constituted himself the mouthpiece of that interest, and championed it with the same recklessness with which he had gambled with Buckingham or drunk with Wilmot. James became king. His satellite was raised to the peerage, and sent to command the troops in Ireland. Tyrconnel was no longer young, but time, though it had broken his health, had not mended his morals. His excesses had not ceased, they had merely assumed a different complexion. Such was the man whom James now named lord deputy. That Tyrconnel was sincerely desirous of improving the lot of his co-religionists is likely enough; that he was utterly unqualified for such a task is

beyond any doubt at all. His policy was soon discovered to be the time-honored one of spoiling the Egyptians; or, as Chief Justice Nugent deliberately laid it down to a Cork jury, a crisis had arisen when robbery must be tolerated as a necessary evil. The army was quickly purged of Protestants; the bench, the magistracy, and the corporations were as quickly packed with Catholics. From the altars of every chapel the priests exhorted their flocks to arm for the struggle; simultaneously the English settlers were ordered to deliver up their weapons. What followed was a simple reign of terror. There was probably not a Protestant in the country who was not convinced that an Irish St. Bartholomew's was only a question of days. It was in vain that Tyrconnel declared that such reports were nothing better than "cursed, blasted, and confounded lies." Such as could run, ran; such as remained barricaded their houses and loaded their muskets. Then came the news of the landing at Torbay. In a moment the country was in a blaze. The Protestants round Loch Erne gathered at Enniskillen. The gates of Derry were shut in the face of Tyrconnel's troops. The fatal word Orange was heard for the first time in Ulster. Beyond these localities the Papists carried everything before them. Bands of half-naked beings, whom centuries of atrocious repression had brutalized into savagery, plundered and ravaged at their will. The south had produced the rapparee.

The first act of James, on his arrival in Dublin, was to issue writs for the return of Parliament. When the lists were published the nature of the legislation to be expected became self-evident. The names of a few men with something more than mere sectarianism to recommend them appeared upon them. The university sent two eminent counsel; Cork chose Sir Richard Nagle; Carlow, Henry Luttrell; the county of Dublin returned Patrick Sarsfield. For the rest the members consisted of the descendants of the dispossessed Catholic landowners, men with no other experience than the knowledge, and no other education than the recital, of the terrible wrongs inflicted upon their race by an alien people and a distant government. Even then their first acts showed both reason and moderation. Had they known when to stop, all might have been well. Unfortunately, the exercise of arbitrary power demoralized them. They plunged along a course which can only be defended by the plea of bad example.

For, after all, in each successive mistake, they did only as they had been done by. The repeal of the Act of Settlement, however you look at it, merely meant that, finding themselves uppermost, they took back by force what had been taken from them by force. The escheatment of the temporalities of the Church was again only the manifestation of the same principle, tempered by great reason; whilst as for the act of attainder, which has been written of as though it were a proscription by Sylla, it was not, and was never meant to be, more than the prelude to a completer spoliation.

Nevertheless, it is satisfactory to know that Sarsfield could not have voted for these measures. It is impossible to say what share, if any, he took in the earlier debates. But long before his colleagues had succeeded in demonstrating their utter incapacity, the member for Dublin, sword on thigh, was away on the Ulster frontier. It is true that besides nominating him for Parliament, James had added his name to the list of the Privy Council, but with the Enniskilleners in arms and Derry still defiant, a good soldier was too valuable to be wasted in talking. Sarsfield, therefore, had been given command of the regiment of Irish Life Guards, consisting of nine troops of fifty men, and sent to watch the course of events in the neighborhood of Loch Erne.

And, indeed, whilst the Commons in Dublin were passing their measures of spoliation, the Ulster Protestants were doing their utmost to render the acts abortive. On the very July afternoon when the Mountjoy was crashing through the boom across the Foyle, Wolsley's dragoons were riding down James's troops on the hillside beyond Newton Butler. In a moment the position of things was reversed. The defenders assumed the offensive. Kirke and his troops came pouring into Connaught. Sarsfield, after a vain attempt to hold Sligo, was forced to retreat. The Jacobite cause seemed lost. Suddenly the Irish rallied. Reinforcements were hurried up from Dublin; Kirke's advance was stopped; and James came north to lead his troops against Schomberg, who had just landed in Antrim with an English army. Neither commander, however, had sufficient confidence in his troops to bring on an engagement. They encamped over against one another at Dundalk until the break up of the weather rendered military operations impossible. Then they retired into winter quarters.

One thing James's numerical superiority enabled him to do—to despatch a force to secure Connaught. The command of this expedition led to some argument. The native element was all for Sarsfield. The huge Guardsman, who stood head and shoulders above his comrades, with his herculean strength, his love of danger, his unfailing good temper, his transparent honesty, above all, his passionate devotion to his country, appealed to every latent emotion in the Celtic nature. "What is the king to me?" gruffly demanded one of the Irish colonels. "Sarsfield is my leader. Let him tell me to kill any man in the army, and I will do it." This was not the view of James, whose capacity for misreading character amounted to a perfect gift. Sarsfield, he admitted, was true as steel; when it came to blows the quality of the metal was Damascene, but brains were his weak point. There was, however, at that moment at the king's elbow one of the most able and most unscrupulous diplomatists of the Continent, the French ambassador Avaux. This man, whose mental vision was as clear as James's was dim, had arrived at a completely opposite conclusion. Sarsfield, he wrote to Louvois, had more influence than any other man in the country. His capacity was undoubted, his honor proved. He was at once the most popular and most able officer in the army. His influence clinched the question. Sarsfield received the command.

The Frenchman's prescience was quickly vindicated. At the head of a small column of six regiments, Sarsfield entered Connaught from the east, drove the enemy out of Jamestown, and marched on Sligo, which was the key of the province. Early in November he was before the town. The garrison, with the exception of a body of Enniskilleners, under Lloyd, and a detachment of grenadiers, under a French Huguenot officer, fled. The assault was ordered at once. The streets were carried with ease, the defenders retiring before the stormers into two forts on the outskirts of the place. That night, under cover of darkness, Lloyd and his men evacuated their post. The Huguenot proved a tougher morsel. By day his men kept up a heavy fire from the walls; when night fell they slung lights from the ramparts, and repelled every attempt at surprise. By the end of three days Sarsfield had completed his preparations to storm. The Frenchman beat a parley, and requested to be allowed to march out with the honors of war. The proposition was



accepted. When the gates were opened, Sarsfield took his stand before them, with a handful of guineas, and offered largess to all who would join his standard. The garrison replied defiantly that they would never serve with "Papishes," and departed, to a man, to swell the English army. As soon as Sarsfield had secured his conquest, he returned to Dublin. He passed the winter upon the borders of the country, putting into execution the order of the government, that all Protestants should be compelled to leave their homes, and retired ten miles into the interior. Then, with the return of spring, he passed north, to join the great army mustering on the confines of Leinster, to oppose the coming of the Prince of Orange.

Towards the middle of June, William landed at Carrickfergus. Simultaneously James left Dublin for the front. A fortnight passed in preliminary manoeuvring. William was eager for a battle, but James was determined not to fight till he could give his troops the advantage of a strong position. The Irish army fell back and back. William pressed on in hot pursuit. At last, on 30th of June, as he climbed the brow of the noble range of hills which look down upon the lovely valley of the Boyne, he caught sight of the enemy encamped upon the opposite slope. "I am glad to see you, gentlemen," he cried out, in his delight; "if you escape me now, the fault will be mine." With an army of thirty thousand men, Lauzun, who commanded for James, had undertaken to hold a fordable river in the face of one thirty-six thousand strong. But the advantage was rather apparent than real. Eight thousand of his foot consisted of some of the choicest troops of the king of France. A few thousand more were Irish cavalry, whom the industry of a few men had raised to a high state of efficiency. But the remaining mass was little better than wild rapparees, who in the din and confusion of a battle were almost certain to give way before disciplined troops. The composition of the English army, on the other hand, was far from ideal. Half the languages of Europe were heard round its campfire. There were Finns from the Baltic provinces, Germans from the Duchy of Brandenburg, and Dutchmen from the shores of the Zuider Zee. The Duke of Wirtemberg had some regiments of Danes, the French Huguenots mustered under the eye of Caillémot. There, too, were the splendid uniforms of the Life Guards and the Blues; and the banner, embroidered with the Paschal Lamb, borne by Kirke's

Tangier reprobates. The Scottish Guards followed the claymore of James Douglas, the Bordermen swore by John Cutts, whose love of fighting had won for him the proud nickname of "Salamander." Last, but not least, came the Ulster Protestants; Bishop Walker was there with his Gerry flock, and Wolseley and Conyngham with the farmers of Enniskillen.

The morning of the 1st of July dawned clear and bright. Soon after sunrise both camps were astir. The Irish marched down to their positions, decorated, out of compliment to the French, with the color which was in the future to be the token also of the Jacobite cause. In every hat appeared the white cockade. The Williamite soldiers, on the other hand, had torn their badges from the trees and hedge-rows, and fought under color which has almost ever since been sacred to Irish nationalism. At last all was ready. Meinhardt Schomberg placed himself at the head of the English right wing and marched up the bank to attempt to force the river by the bridge of Slane. The movement had been foreseen. Sir Neil O'Neil, with a body of cavalry, had been sent to bar the passage. For a while the Irish held their own. Then O'Neil fell dead. His troopers broke and fled, and the English poured through the river and across the bridge. The defeated cavalry, galloping in upon his centre, showed Lauzun what had occurred. He saw that he had been outflanked on the left, and that his line of retreat might at any moment be cut. Forming the French infantry and Sarsfield's horse in column, he hurried them off to occupy the ground where the road to Dublin passes through the gorge of Duleek. Scarcely had the white coats of the Frenchmen disappeared round the shoulder of the hill than the drums on the opposite bank rolled out the assault, and the English centre, in one long line, plunged into the river. Suddenly, as, in the mid-stream, they struggled to maintain their footing, a terrific storm of bullets from the entrenchments on the Meath shore, swept harmlessly over their heads. They pressed forward with a cheer. An uncontrollable panic seized the Irish centre. It was in vain that Richard Hamilton rushed to the front and besought them to come on. Whole regiments threw down their arms; and, hurling away their accoutrements as they ran, the entire body swept through the camp, and vanished behind the hills in the rear. The Irish cavalry remained. Their numbers were few, but they had been

disciplined in a different school from the infantry. Led now by Hamilton, they rode down the banks, and began a furious combat with the English centre in the bed of the river. The advance of the Dutch was stopped; the Danes began to give ground. The Bishop of Derry was shot at the head of his flock. Caillemot, urging forward his Huguenots, was wounded mortally. Old Marshal Schomberg, watching the fray from the Louth shore, saw that the critical moment had arrived. Riding out into the river, he picked out the heart of the fight and plunged into it. "Come on, gentlemen," he cried to Caillemot's Huguenots, waving his sword towards the Catholic cavalry, "there are your persecutors." A cloud of horse splashed down the stream; when they had swept past, the old soldier's saddle was empty. He was lifted from the water dead. It seemed that this handful of Irish cavalry might yet redeem the day. But suddenly there arose upon the English left a great cry of, "The king." And William, who had at last succeeded in swimming the river above the Irish batteries, at the head of his cavalry, came swinging down the bank. The battle was over. The remnant of Irish horse shook themselves clear of the enemy, and falling back on the French infantry, helped them to cover the rout.

From the ruined church, in the little desolate graveyard, that crowned the summit of the hill of Donore, James had witnessed the battle. When the Irish infantry fled, he prepared to follow their example. It was in vain that the fiery Sarsfield, who all day had been condemned to inaction, besought him to come down to the river, and head the cavalry in their attempt to hold his kingdom for him. He mounted his horse, and bidding Sarsfield bring his regiment as a body-guard, galloped away to Dublin. It was midnight when he reached the capital. He slept at the castle, and early in the morning summoned his chief supporters to his presence. Then, in a few words, the most pitiful, and unkinglike that even he ever uttered, he contrasted their countrymen unfavorably with his English subjects. Yes, he declared the Irish were cowards, but henceforth they might shift for themselves; he, at any rate, would command them no more. When he had spoken, he once more took horse, and hardly slackened rein until he stole down Waterford quay, and took ship for France. Well might Sarsfield say that "if the English would but change kings with them, they would soon show if they were cowards."

All that day the routed Irish troops came pouring into Dublin. At first there was some talk of holding the city, but Lauzun scoffed at the mere idea. Towards evening he formed up his rabble, and took the road to Kildare. Right across Ireland the retreat continued. The bog of Allen was left upon the north, the rock of Cashel on the south; Tipperary was traversed, the Shannon sighted. At last, towards the close of July, some thousands of famished scarecrows limped into Limerick, and turned to bay by the Atlantic tide. Here they were joined by Sarsfield, who, at the head of his cavalry, had ridden to Athlone, and forced Douglas, who had been detached to capture it, back on the English army. A council of war was held. The position, Lauzun declared, was untenable; there was nothing for it but to continue the retreat to Galway, where they might board the French fleet. The fact was that six months' campaigning in an Irish bog had completely sickened the gay courtier. He longed for the lost luxuries of his hotel in Paris, and to mingle with the brilliant throng on the terraces of Versailles. The moment he could set his foot on the quarter-deck of a French frigate, his exile was at an end; that of his Celtic comrades, he forgot, was just beginning. Not so Sarsfield. To him the low, black cabins clustering on the river bank, the wild marsh waste fading into the distance, and the gaunt mountains on the horizon, all meant home. Dearer, far dearer to him than a wilderness of Parises, was the white mist drifting across the bog, or the flush of dawn upon the Kerry hills. Strenuously, therefore, he opposed the evacuation. He had twenty thousand Irish in the town — surely with the French they could hold the fortifications of the city against the English. The word fortification excited Lauzun's scorn. It would be unnecessary, he laughed, with a curse, for the English to bring artillery against those wretched mud-heaps, when roasted pippins would do the work of cannon-balls. But it was useless for Lauzun to sneer and curse, it was useless for him to invoke the authority of Tyrconnel. Sarsfield had but given voice to hopes of the kerns and gallow-glasses who thronged the winding alleys of the town. And so, taking with him Tyrconnel, and installing Boisseleau as commandant of the garrison, Lauzun marched his Frenchmen out of Limerick, and disappeared from view. From that moment, whoever might bear the title, Sarsfield was the real leader of the Irish soldiers. Under him they began a new

and a glorious career, proving that the spirit of the warriors who had charged with Hugh O'Neill, was not dead but sleeping. It was the fugitives from the Boyne who held the breach at Limerick and the bridge at Athlone. It was they who covered the retreat from Blenheim, and stood unbroken amidst the rout of Ramillies. And it was they, on that terrible St. David's eve, when the storm of German cavalry came sabreing through Cremona's streets, who, bare-footed, bare-legged, their shirts blown by the winter breeze, met it, stemmed it, and hurled it back across the Po.

The whole city was fired by Sarsfield's example. Day and night, the men, the women, the very children toiled at strengthening "the mud-heaps." The original defences had consisted of a wall, without ditch or parapet, flanked by a few towers. To this, Sarsfield's energy soon added a covered way, and a horn-work before the main gate. Even then as he watched the English army, led by the king in person, marching into position, his heart sank within him. Suddenly he received information from a Huguenot deserter, which put fresh life into him. The English siege artillery, he learned, was not with the army, but was following, a few marches in the rear. If only their guns could be cut off, all might yet be saved. That very night—it was Sunday, the tenth of August—he crossed the Shannon, with a picked body of horse, and took the road to Killaloe. Early next morning a neighboring landlord, by name Manus O'Brian, hurried into the besieging camp. Sarsfield, he told the officers, had got out of Limerick during the night; there was mischief in the air. The contempt, however, of the English for anything Irish was unutterable; they laughed at his forebodings. Presently the news reached the royal tent. In a moment William fathomed the intention of the enemy. He gave orders that a regiment of cavalry should be at once despatched to bring in the guns. His commands were only partially obeyed. It was midnight when the troopers left the camp. Suddenly, as they rode through the darkness, the valley of the Shannon was illuminated by a dazzling flash, the echo of a terrific explosion thundered amidst the mountain-tops; and they knew that they were too late.

All that day Sarsfield had lurked amidst the hills. His information was perfect, for every peasant was his scout. He learned that the guns had halted for the night by the ruined castle of Ballenedy;

that the horses had been turned loose to graze; and that the escort, all unconscious of their danger, had thrown themselves down upon the grass to rest, without even posting sentries. It was the last sleep of many of them. Their reveille was a furious Celtic cheer; Sarsfield's troopers were amongst them. A few escaped, the rest were cut down as they struggled to their feet; two only were captured. The guns, choked with ball and powder, were planted, mouths downward, in the earth. The wagons and ammunition chests were piled about them. A train was laid and fired, and with a furious roar the whole mass leaped into the air. When all was over, one of the prisoners, a sick officer, was brought before Sarsfield. He received him with the greatest gentleness.

"If," he said, as he turned to make good his retreat, "I had failed in this, I should have been off to France."

The news of Sarsfield's exploit was received in Limerick with extraordinary enthusiasm. If he had been popular before, he was worshipped now. And, indeed, he had soon need of all his influence. James having fled full soon himself, was not minded that others should continue the struggle. A letter from him to Tyrconnel, ordering all officers who still acknowledged his authority to sheath their swords and take ship for France, was put about in Limerick. Sarsfield's action was as prompt as his indignation was deep. He had placed the city beyond immediate danger. He again took horse, and rode for Galway. Arrived there, he put himself at the head of the Irish officers of the garrison, and forced Tyrconnel to suppress the offending document. His purpose accomplished, he hurried back to Limerick, where his presence was once more requisite.

The capture of the English guns had at first threatened to bring the campaign to a summary conclusion. William, however, with characteristic energy, had set to work to rectify, as far as possible, the effects of the negligence of his subordinates. By a lucky chance two of the cannon proved to have withstood Sarsfield's efforts for their destruction. They were at once brought into camp. Batteries were constructed, and the siege began. For a fortnight, bombs, cartridges, and fire-balls were poured into the town. The old towers crashed down, the walls began to crumble, guns were constantly dismounted, the houses were forever taking fire. Still the Irish held out. The autumn rains had set in. The trenches were knee-

deep in water. The flat marshes along the Shannon were beginning to steam forth their exhalation of miasma. Those who remembered how, only the year before, Schomberg's city of canvas, at Dundalk, had, in a few weeks, been converted into a city of tombs, were seized with forebodings. Worse, too, than Sarsfield's destruction of guns had proved his destruction of ammunition. The bombardment was already slackening for want of powder. It was plain that the besiegers had congratulated themselves upon a too bloodless victory. A council of war was held. It was resolved to concentrate the fire on the breach, and then trust to the bayonet. By the end of a few days a hundred feet of wall had been thrown down. The decisive moment had arrived. On the afternoon of the twenty-seventh the columns mustered for the assault. Ten thousand men were paraded for the duty. At three o'clock the drums beat the advance. The Grenadiers sprang out of the trenches and led the way. The first rush of the stormers carried everything before it. The defenders of the breach were swept off their feet. The battery in the rear was captured, and the English poured into Limerick. Then the Irish rallied. In the narrow, winding streets of the town a furious fight began. The very women forsook the shelter of their homes, and showered stones and bottles upon the enemy's ranks. For four hours the contest raged. The dust of battle rose in a dense cloud, and hung over the city like a pall. Suddenly, whilst the event was still doubtful, a mine exploded. The Bradenburg Regiment was blown into the air. For a moment or two a deep silence reigned. Then, with a terrible shout, the Irish hurled themselves once more upon the English, and the English gave. Back they went, foot by foot, through the breach, and down the piled-up *débris* of the wall. Talbot, who commanded in the horn-work, saw the retreat. With a ringing cheer, he sallied from his post, and fell, with his men, upon the English rear. The summer evening was closing in, the English, still fighting doggedly, retired on their camp; darkness put an end to the conflict. The Irish passed the night preparing for a renewal of the fray. In the tents of the besiegers all were eager to wipe out their defeat. But the powder was running low, and William reluctantly gave the order to strike the camp. As day broadened, the sentries on the walls of Limerick caught sight, through the blinding rain, of the English army in full retreat. Then Bois-

seleau took leave of the garrison. Prudence, he impressed upon them, not force had dictated William's decision; but, with the coming spring, he would return to conquer. And with those inspiring words he took ship for France, whither Lauzun and Tyrconnel had already preceded him.

The Irish soldiers, deserted by their king, general, and lord deputy, had rallied so magnificently under the influence of Sarsfield that it appeared certain he must succeed to the unhampered direction of the war. The admiration, however, of the army for the man who had taught it how to fight was by no means shared by the triumvirate who had directed its runnings away. Almost the last act of Tyrconnel, previous to his embarkation, was to delegate his military authority to a board presided over by the Duke of Berwick. When this became known at Limerick, the popular indignation culminated. The Irish, having found a man capable of leading them, were in no mood to consent to the substitution of a boy, who, though he lived to win the bâton of a marshal of France, had then no credentials save his bastardy. The list of the duke's colleagues helped only to fan the flame. The name of Sarsfield, it is true, appeared upon it, but it appeared as junior member, and it was openly hinted that if the framers had dared it would have been omitted altogether. The action of Tyrconnel was loudly stigmatized as unconstitutional. Prelates, peers, and commanders formed themselves into a sort of committee of public safety, and an ultimatum was presented to Berwick, to the effect that unless he consented to remodel his board, his authority would be repudiated. The duke was furious. He regarded the interference as worse than mutiny — as treason. Who, indeed, was right, who wrong, it would take a constitutional jurist to decide; but might was upon the side of the many, and Berwick was forced to give way. The whole dispute, in reality, originated in a misconception of that curious product, Irish Jacobitism, the result in itself of a far higher purpose than the loyalty to a sentiment that swayed the English non-juror, or to a person that animated the Scotch Tory. The Irish Jacobite cared very little about divine right, and, if possible, even less about the house of Stewart. He welcomed James, not from any romantic attachment to his cause, but because the cause was for the moment the cause of Ireland. That was what Sarsfield felt; that was what Berwick failed to comprehend. That the former had no ob-

jection to serving under the nominee of the crown, when the crown chose wisely, he proved, a few months later, on the landing of St. Ruth; but he had no intention of sacrificing the interests of his country to the nepotism of any individual. Berwick, however, never forgave the slight. Years later, in writing his memoirs, he allowed the recollection of it to color the portrait of his great colleague.

Neither side was completely satisfied with the result. Each determined to lay their version before the king. The Limerick committee selected as their delegates the two Luttrells and the Bishop of Cork; Berwick entrusted his case to a Scotchman named Maxwell, a member of the ill-starred board. All four sailed in the same ship. When they were fairly at sea, Henry Luttrell proposed, characteristically enough, to settle the controversy by heaving the Scotchman overboard. The scruples of the Bishop of Cork were not, however, to be overcome, and the whole party arrived in safety at St. Germain's. There the Irishmen pressed hotly for the nomination of Sarsfield to the chief command; whilst Maxwell, adopting unconsciously the tactics of Luttrell, proposed that his opponents should be consigned to oblivion in the dungeons of the Bastille. James, finding himself between two fires, adopted a middle course. He ordered Tyrconnel back to Ireland to resume the government.

Tyrconnel was received in Limerick with contemptuous respect. The garrison had not forgotten how he had deserted them in the hour of danger, or how, from his plenty at Galway, he had victualled the town with oats. They were, however, existing by this time on horseflesh, and reduced to a state of semi-nudity. The news, therefore, he brought, that supplies were on the way from France, somewhat appeased them, whilst the less pleasant information that they were to have yet another new general, in the person of St. Ruth, was in a measure toned by the bestowal of an earldom upon their hero Sarsfield.

Meantime, Sarsfield, who was at Athlone, had obtained proof of the justice of his suspicions. A paper fell into his hands containing the names of the party who were intriguing with the English. He at once rode for Limerick and placed the evidence in Berwick's hands. The duke showed him a duplicate copy, which had just come to hand from an entirely different channel, but declined to take any steps. The men, he declared, were too

powerful to meddle with. All he could do was to make Sarsfield governor of Connaught, with full powers to prepare for the coming struggle. With the means at his disposal Sarsfield did his best. He made a gallant effort to capture the castle at Birr, and was only foiled by the advance of a relieving force under Kirke. He fortified the naturally strong position of Ballymore, and repaired the walls of Limerick. Had he been allowed to continue in command, he might yet have brought William back to Ireland. If he was not a heaven-born tactician, he was at any rate a heaven-born leader. If he knew little of strategy and fortification, he knew perfectly his country and his countrymen. He would never have fought Boynes or Aghrim. He would have held in force strong positions, such as Limerick and Athlone, and have trusted to a guerilla warfare, aided by climate, to exhaust the resources of the enemy. Fortunately for the English, St. Ruth took over the command, and insisted upon conducting the campaign on scientific principles.

Early in June Ginkell marched out of Mullingar, and struck at Ballymore. In a few hours the defences of the fort crumbled under his guns, and the garrison surrendered. He advanced towards Athlone, then the strongest military position in Ireland. The English and Irish quarters of the town rose on the opposite shores of the Shannon, and were linked by a stone bridge, beneath which, and over an adjacent ford, the river tore its way like a mill-chase. On the evening of the eighteenth he was before the town. That very night the batteries were traced, and the siege began. Two days later the breach was declared practicable, and the assault ordered. The stormers fell in four thousand strong; behind the ramparts Sarsfield could only muster four hundred men. The weight of numbers at once made itself felt, the English town was carried, and the defenders forced back upon the bridge. There one man was as good as twenty, the Irish rallied and held their own. Again and again the English rushed along the causeway; again and again the Irish met them and hurled them back, toiling all the time to break down the bridge. Not until the central arches had crashed down into the river did the combat cease. Then Ginkell betook himself to the slower methods of a regular siege. Day and night the guns thundered across the river, and the trenches drew nearer and nearer. At last the advanced works were so close to the bank that the besieg-



ers were able to throw planks over the broken arches. The Irish saw their danger. Without waiting for orders, a sergeant and ten men rushed on to the bridge, and began to throw down the planks. A terrific fire opened from the besieging batteries, and in a few minutes the bridge was clear. A triumphant shout rose from the English works, a terrible silence reigned on the opposite bank. Then suddenly a new band of heroes leaped forward to continue the work. Again a storm of bullets churned the river into foam, again a hail of grenades fell upon the bridge. Man after man sank down, but still the work went on; and as the last plank went sailing down the Shannon, two survivors climbed the Irish ramparts, and were welcomed with a tempest of hurrahs.

Ginkell began to be seriously alarmed. It was true he had reduced the Irish town to a heap of ruins, but he was no nearer taking possession of them than when he began. At this crisis he received information which offered an escape from his difficulties. Well as the Irish soldiers might fight, their leaders, he learned, were all at open war. Tyrconnel had left the camp in a rage; D'Usson, the commandant, slept outside the walls; and Maxwell, who had charge of the works over the ford, at his post. The latter, indeed, had been publicly accused of treachery by Sarsfield, who himself was hardly on speaking terms with St. Ruth. Ginkell saw his chance. He determined to cross by the ford and attempt to surprise Maxwell. News of what was in the wind reached Sarsfield. He at once hurried off to warn St. Ruth, who with a covering army was encamped outside the town. The French general merely laughed at him. "They dare not do it," he said. "I would give a thousand louis to hear they dare." Sarsfield's answer was forcible rather than conciliatory. "Spare your money," he growled, "and mind your business. I know the English, and I tell you there is nothing they dare not." Still St. Ruth continued incredulous. Meantime Mackay's men, having forded the river, up to their chins in water, were climbing, with many curses, the broken walls of the town. "My lads," cried the grave old soldier at their head, "you are brave fellows, but do not swear. You have more reason this day to thank God, than to take his name in vain." Maxwell's men were dozing at their posts. Suddenly the English burst upon them with a cheer. They fired one confused volley, and fled, leaving their commander a prisoner. It was said, afterwards, that

Maxwell's sleep was not that of the just. His men were short of powder, and it was recollected how, that very morning, he had asked an officer who had applied for it, if he was going to shoot larks? Whether or no he was a traitor, this much is certain, that Athlone, which under Grace and Sarsfield had defied every effort of the English, fell now under his guard, with a loss to the enemy of only twelve men.

The news that Athlone had been taken under his very eyes, filled St. Ruth with indignation. His reputation, he seems to have imagined, demanded an equivalent. He fell back some miles upon the Galway road; then, at the foot of the ruined keep of Aghrim, on a spot surrounded by bog, he prepared to dispute the advance of the English. It was in vain that Sarsfield protested, in vain he urged that if the English were to be beaten the tactics employed must be less those of a Hannibal than a Fabius. St. Ruth was a fine soldier, alone amongst the French officers he recognized the valor of the Irish; but, for some unknown reason, he had taken a violent dislike to their leader. He replied by placing Sarsfield in command of the cavalry, in the rear, with strict injunctions not to move without orders.

On the morning of the 12th of July the enemy came in sight. The priests were performing mass at the head of the Catholic regiments. In a moment the "host" vanished, the drums beat to arms, and St. Ruth rode through the ranks, declaring that the moment had come when the Irish must strike for their liberties, their honor, and their God. At five o'clock the English rushed to the attack. The fight was stern and bloody, but the Irish held their own, and the whole of Ginkell's line reeled back in defeat. Again and again the struggle was renewed, the red earth of the bog was redder still with blood; but the Irish front remained unbroken. St. Ruth, hat in hand, galloped along his line, shouting to the men as he passed, "*Le jour est à nous, mes enfants! Le jour est à nous!*"

The summer evening was closing in; it was seven o'clock. Ginkell resolved to make one last effort. A narrow causeway, along which two horsemen could ride abreast, led through the bog to the castle. Presently the Blues, supported by the battalions of Mackay and Ruvigny carrying hurdles, were seen riding up it in single file. St. Ruth put himself at the head of his cavalry and prepared to charge. Almost as he gave the word a round shot tore off his head; the cavalry faltered; the infantry in support were led forward



by Walter Bourke. Too late it was discovered that their muskets and balls were of a different bore. Even then the battle might have been won if St. Ruth's lamentable distrust of Sarsfield had not left the army without a general. In another moment the Blues were amongst them. Mackay's men were strewing their hurdles over the bog, a firm foothold was given; and the English poured into the Irish entrenchments, refusing quarter. All this time Sarsfield, ignorant of St. Ruth's death, was sitting his horse impatiently waiting for orders. At last, when none came, he drew to the front. It was time. The English were sabreing and bayoneting like furies. Nothing but a pitch black night, and the steadiness of his own troopers, enabled him to save the shattered remnant of the Irish army.

The defeated Irish retreated in two divisions; one fell back on Galway; the other, under Sarsfield, took the road to Limerick. Ginkell first turned his attention to Galway. D'Usson, who commanded there, after a mere pretence of resistance, opened the gates on being allowed to retire with the garrison to Limerick. A few days later Ginkell followed in his rear. From the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear the Irish flag waved from "the mud-heaps" of Limerick alone.

And then began the second siege of Limerick. The English fleet came up the Shannon and dropped anchor below the town. Day and night forty heavy guns thundered out from the land-batteries; the walls and towers crumbled down; whole streets caught fire, and the energies of the garrison were taxed to subdue the flames. The breach grew and grew, through it the troops in the trenches could see clearly the blackened ruins of the town. Then treason lifted its ugly head. To his horror, Sarsfield learned that its instigator was his own bosom friend, Henry Luttrell, the man who, in all these months of trial, had shared his dangers and his confidence. He did not hesitate; Luttrell was tried, and condemned to death; but respited till the king's pleasure could be ascertained.

Worse, however, was behind. Clifford, who commanded upon the Clare bank of the Shannon, where the cavalry were encamped, was in the plot. He allowed Ginkell to throw his pontoons across the river. The Irish horse were surprised, cut up, and driven in upon the city. The terrors of a blockade were added to those of a bombardment. A great party in the town clamored for surrender. D'Usson,

like Lauzun, pining for his beloved Paris, lent it his countenance. But still Sarsfield stood firm, and his decision was certain to be that of the garrison. Suddenly, in a weak moment, he changed his front, and declared in favor of treating. It has been darkly hinted that he too had proved false; but his past, no less than his future, stamps such a statement as mendacious. In the hour of surrender William made a second attempt to obtain his services, and offered to secure to him all his great estates if he would desert his flag. Sarsfield proudly declined the offer. His place, he said, was with his countrymen, who had trusted him. He put home and fortune bravely behind him, and went into exile, to commence life anew as a soldier of fortune.

The true cause of Sarsfield's change of mind was probably that given by James in his memoirs, the pressure of the clergy. It was possible he no doubt felt that he might be able to hold the town till the French or winter came to his relief; but, on the other hand, if fraud or force should bring the English through the breach, the national liberties and the Catholic Church would founder in a sea of blood. Was it not wiser, therefore, whilst the garrison still held out, to make the best terms he could for the country? He decided that it was. Precisely the same question presented itself to Ginkell, and, by the opposite train of argument, he arrived at a similar conclusion. The two generals agreed to treat. The negotiations were carried on with heat and acrimony, but, in the end, an agreement was come to which, though far from all the Irish might have wished, nevertheless honorably secured to them their civil and religious liberties. How that treaty was kept has become a matter of history. A vast amount of ingenuity has been expended on proving that England loyally adhered to it. Macaulay brought all his great powers to the task. But surely it was hardly worth while to contend, through several pages of brilliant argument, that it was kept by one Parliament in order to admit, in a footnote at the end, that it was broken by another!

Scarcely was the ink dry when the French fleet hove in sight. Great pressure was brought on Sarsfield to repudiate his signature, but that the noble Irishman sternly refused to do. Yet, could he have looked forward one brief decade into the future, and seen in the stead of his broken treaty the enactment of the most brutal and ferocious of penal codes, he might have wavered. The crime of England,

however, brought its own punishment. From that moment Ireland became the richest recruiting ground of her traditional enemy. Forbidden to worship in the whitewashed chapel upon their native hill-side, the Irish peasants knelt in serried ranks beneath the golden lilies of the Bourbons. And at the time when England was hiring the subjects of German princelings to fight her battles, the terrible "Fag an Bealach" of the Catholic Celt was being thundered through the cannon smoke of half the battlefields of Europe. Half a century rolled by. The men who fought with Sarsfield had found their soldier graves, when, on that May day, in the year 1745, Cumberland's glorious column passed through the converging fire of Sarsfield's batteries, and, sweeping the French army from its path, climbed in victory the hill of Fontenoy. Suddenly from the valley on its front, there arose a terrible shout of, "Remember Limerick and Saxon faith," and the Irish brigade, with bayonet at the charge, rushed on it, broke it, and hurled it backwards in defeat. Well might King George cry, when they told him how the battle was lost, "Cursed be the laws which rob me of such subjects."

In addition to the civil articles of the Treaty of Limerick, there were others relating to the military question. Under them it was laid down that such of the garrison as wished to remain in arms should be allowed a free choice between the service of William and that of Louis. Extraordinary efforts were made by both sides to capture the rank and file. The English officers converted themselves into recruiting sergeants. Every argument was used to convince the Irish of the advantages of the home service; but the almost pathetic love of the Celt for his native soil was specially relied on. The immense influence of Sarsfield was thrown into the opposite scale. The home service of William, he insisted, meant service anywhere but at home; as for the threat of exile, with which it was sought to frighten them, it resolved itself into a few months' sojourn in a friendly kingdom, from which they would return, strengthened for a death-grapple with the Saxon.

At length the moment approached which was to decide the question. A spot was chosen upon the Clare bank of the Shannon. It was agreed to march the garrison past it. Such as held straight on were to be considered to have elected for France, such as turned off for England. The hour came. The troops were massed beyond the walls of the town. Divine service was

performed at the head of each regiment, and at its close the priests, in impassioned words, implored their flocks to stand firm by Sarsfield and their faith. D'Usson and his fellow-countrymen viewed the scene with amazement. The sight of this wild horde, in which a shirt was a rarity and a pair of shoes unknown, appealed to nothing but their contempt. The word was given. Sarsfield and Ginkell, with their respective staffs, took up their position at the parting of the ways, and the march began. Fourteen thousand men filed by. When the last had passed, it was calculated that, whilst two thousand had determined to return to their homes, one thousand only had followed the lead of Henry Luttrell in declaring for William. The deserters, in spite of Ginkell's promises, were quickly disbanded. Luttrell himself lived for many years in possession of the family estates, which his elder brother had scorned to hold by perfidy, before the bullet of a midnight assassin found him in the street of Dublin. The loathing he had inspired pursued him beyond the grave. His tomb was desecrated, his corpse insulted, his memory made "sacred" in one of the most bitter of lampoons:—

If heav'n be pleas'd when mortals cease to  
sin,  
And hell be pleas'd when villains enter in,  
If earth be pleas'd when it entombs a knave,  
All must be pleas'd now Luttrell's in his  
grave!

Only the last act of the dismal tragedy remained. Sarsfield, well aware of the trials to which the constancy of his troops would be subjected, marched them straight back into the town, closed the gates, and doubled his patrols. The precautions were abundantly necessary. The excitement of the day had worn off. In the dead quiet of the ruined streets, the soldier who had pledged himself to go to France, marked on the distant mountain-side the spot where his low cabin crouched from the wind, and yielded to the inexpresible longing to look once more on the face of all he loved. Men brought up to climb the cliffs for the nests of the sea-birds, or to dive like the fish in the trout pools, laughed at walls and water. Many a strong swimmer dropped from the ramparts and plunged into the Shannon.

At last the news came that the ships had dropped anchor off Cork. The gates swung back upon their hinges, and the mournful procession moved out. The road lay through a country thickly popu-

lated by the relatives of the soldiers. All day, as they marched, the soft voices of the peasant women pleaded with them to come home. Every morning the ranks formed up thinner and thinner than the day before. Even then, when Cork came in sight, a great army followed Sarsfield towards the fleet.

The fatal morning dawned. Great banks of cloud obscured the sun, the peaks of the mountains were shrouded in deep gloom, the angry sky lowered over the sea till it met it on the horizon. The streets of the town and the beach were thronged by excited crowds, old men and maidens, sisters, wives, and children all imploring that they might be taken too. The regiments were embarked first. Then Sarsfield did his best for their families. Boat-load after boat-load was carried to the transports, till the captains swore that they could hold no more. A fearful terror seized on those left behind. Some threw themselves moaning to the ground, some knelt with arms stretched out towards the ships; others, more daring, rushed into the surf and clutched the gunnels of the retreating boats. Girls who had sweet-hearts aboard, mothers with infants at their breasts, were seen battling with the rude seamen at the oars. Entreaties, prayers, blows, all went unheeded; not until the knife had severed flesh and bone did the pursuers sink back to perish in the sea. The anchors were weighed, the white sails filled with the wind, the ships began to move. Then, from the shore, there went up one agonized shriek of desolation and despair. It was the lament of Ireland for "the flight of the wild geese."

Sarsfield's kerns upon their arrival in France were quickly organized into that force soon to be famous throughout Europe as the Irish Brigade. The regiment of Life Guards, composed entirely of gentlemen, was formed into two troops of Horse Guards, the command of which, with the rank of colonel, was bestowed respectively upon Berwick and Sarsfield. But Louis, though generously content that the Irish Brigade should remain nominally, at all events, in the pay of his pensioner James, had larger views for the future of their leader. The order of the Holy Ghost and the rank of major-general secured to the French army the sword of the huge Irishman. All that winter the drill-sergeant and the tailor were busy in the Irish camp; and when, with the ensuing spring, the brigade joined the army, mustering in Normandy for the invasion of England, the splendid regiments in

their scarlet uniforms bore little resemblance to the tattered demajons who had excited the laughter of D'Usson in the meadows on the Shannon.

The Jacobite invasion of 1692 was projected on a very different scale from the assistance rendered by Louis in the Irish wars. The French squadrons which were to hold the Channel rendezvoused at Toulon and at Brest. A great fleet of transports anchored in the harbor of La Hogue, about which was encamped an army of thirty thousand men, including thirteen thousand Irish. Tourville was admiral of the fleet; the command of the troops was entrusted to Marshal Bellefonds, with Sarsfield as *maréchal de camp*. Towards the end of April all was ready. But the "Protestant winds" blew dead off the sea; do what they might the Brest and Toulon fleets could not unite. Day after day of precious time flew by. At last a courier rode in from Paris with instructions for Tourville to clear the way single-handed. The battle was fought upon the 19th of May. All day long the troops at La Hogue listened to the roar of the cannon out at sea. Next day a battered squadron cast anchor under the forts in token of defeat. At sunset on the twenty-third Rooke's boats dashed into the harbor in the teeth of the guns of the ships, the batteries, and the army. That night the sky was red with the glare of burning shipping. On the morning ebb the English pulled out, mocking the foe with a hoarse chorus of "God save the king."

The destruction of Tourville's squadron put an end to all idea of invasion. The camp at La Hogue was broken up. Sarsfield went to join the army of Flanders. Early in August the French occupied a strong position amongst the hedge-rows and water-courses of the meadows about Steinkirk. Six miles off, at Lambeque, lay the allies. The discovery of a traitor in his camp enabled William to supply the enemy with false information, under cover of which he determined to attempt a surprise. The morning of the fourth had barely dawned when Luxemburg was roused with the news that the allies were advancing in force. At first he refused to credit the information. Each new express, however, became more and more pressing. At last the little humpback rode forward to judge the situation for himself. One glance showed him he had been duped, the whole allied army was deploying upon his front. The drums beat to arms; the regiments fell hurriedly in.

The scions of the grande noblesse rushed from their tents, their lace cravats knotted carelessly about their throats, an incident which supplied Paris with yet a new fashion, when scarves arranged with studied negligence were known as "Steinkirks." It was about time. The brigade of Bourbonnais was in full flight. The English infantry, headed by Mackay, were splashing through the streams and clearing the hedges before Steinkirk. The Swiss guards were ordered to check them. The struggle was furious. Musket barrels were crossed, volleys poured in almost at arm's length. Eighteen hundred of the Swiss fell, still the English held on. Things were beginning to look serious. Luxemburg resolved upon a supreme effort. Since none others could, the King's Household must stop these mad English. The veterans were brought up. The royal princes placed themselves at their head. The order "no firing" ran along the ranks. Then, slinging their muskets and drawing their swords, they rushed to the attack. The fight was long and bloody. Solmes, who was to have supported Mackay, failed to do so. "God's will be done," said the old soldier, when he found he was deserted; a minute later he was dead. His men were worthy of him; they fell where they stood. Not until five regiments had been cut to pieces were the French able to advance, literally over their bodies.

The summer evening was closing in apace. It was clear to William that no more could be hoped for that day. He drew off his troops, and retired, unopposed, in perfect order, upon Lambeque.

As long as the fight lasted, Sarsfield was in the thick of it. He swung his sword for France with the same headlong courage with which, in the past, he had wielded it for Ireland. His enmity to a nation, however, did not descend to individuals. When the battle was over he busied himself in caring for the prisoners and wounded of the English division. He wrote to Auverquerque, promising that the captives should be kindly treated, and proposing an early exchange, and that British surgeons should be sent to look after their own people. Both suggestions were met in the spirit in which they were made. Many a Saxon soldier acknowledged that he owed freedom and consolation to the offices of the warm-hearted Celt. Neither were the countrymen of his adoption slow to recognize his valor. Those who had fought beside him were unstinted in his praise, and it was said that the rep-

utation which had preceded him across the water was in nowise undeserved. The Marquis de Quincy named him amongst the ablest and bravest of Luxemburg's officers. And the marshal himself, in his great despatch to the king, wrote that as for "the Earl of Lucan, in whom we have particularly noticed the valor, and the intrepidity, of which he had given proofs in Ireland, I can assure your Majesty that he is a very good and a very able officer." The satisfaction of the king was expressed in the bestowal of the rank of lieutenant-general.

The campaign of 1693 opened with a display of all that pomp and magnificence with which the grand monarque loved to clothe his arms. A great camp was formed near Namur. Thither, in the month of June, accompanied by the princes and princesses of the blood, by the court, and by an endless train of cooks, of players, and of lackeys, came the king. For days the proceedings resembled one continuous pageant; brilliant reviews were followed by splendid balls, by representations of the masterpieces of Molière and Racine, and by sumptuous suppers served upon tables groaning beneath the weight of gold and silver plate. Then his Majesty removed himself to the repose and safety of Versailles. To Luxemburg were made over the dangers of the cock-pit.

A few weeks of preliminary manœuvring intervened. Then, on the 18th of July, the French, advancing from the direction of Liege, caught sight of the standards of the allies, waving on the rising ground between Landen and Neerwinden. William's position was one of immense strength. The Flemish villages upon his flanks, with their moats, their gardens, and their substantial walls, were in themselves miniature fortresses; whilst the face of the connecting slope frowned with every defensive precaution that the art of the engineer could devise; one advantage Luxemburg undoubtedly possessed. The army of the allies, recruited as usual from half the nations of Europe, numbered but fifty thousand men; his own, with the exception of the Irish, composed of picked French troops, was eighty thousand strong. He resolved to pit numbers against earth-works, and storm the enemies' position.

The 19th of July dawned. Long before daybreak the French troops were in motion. At four o'clock the artillery moved forward, and opened fire; instantly, from the opposing slope, a hundred guns roared back their hoarse defiance. Under cover of the cannonade Luxemburg brought up

his infantry. Neerwinden, as the key of the position, became the main object of his attack. Six brigades were massed against it. At eight the word was given, the French sprang to the assault. Berwick led the way in the centre, the veteran Montcheveruil on the left Rubantel and Sarsfield on the right. The fight was furious. Twice the French cleared the streets and gardens; twice the Hanoverians were driven out, twice they rallied and retook the village. It was in vain Bourbon brought up a fresh division, it only added to the toll of slain. The streets were piled breast-high with corpses. In one spot lay Montcheveruil, in another the premier peer of France, the Duke d'Uzes. Berwick, who had thrown away his white cockade, and striven to escape in the press, was taken prisoner by his uncle, George Churchill. Sarsfield was mortally wounded. In the very thick of the fight a bullet struck him down. He plunged his hand beneath his corselet, and drew it out soaked with blood. "Oh!" he gasped, as he gazed on it, "that this were for fatherland!" He was carried out of fire by his men as they fell sullenly back.

Meantime, the battle had raged along the whole line. Again and again the French had breasted the entrenchments only to be driven back. The afternoon was slipping away. Luxemburg resolved to stake everything on one final effort. At any cost Neerwinden must be stormed, the king's Household must lead the way. Once more the French moved to the attack. The battle was renewed along the whole line. Headed by Luxemburg himself, the Household swept up to Neerwinden. For the third time the defences were carried, and the French poured into the village. William saw the danger; at the head of the English cavalry he hurled himself upon the Household. So furious was his charge that for a moment the veterans gave way. Sword in hand Luxemburg and the royal princes rallied the brigade. Then suddenly the whole allied line gave way.

Conti drove the English out of Landen. The Irish under Barret, pierced the entrenchments of the centre. The Household came on again. The battle was lost. Defeat quickened into rout. Hundreds were cut down as they ran, hundreds more were driven into the swollen waters of the Gette. Solmes was mortally wounded; Ginkell was amongst the drowned; Ruigny was a prisoner; Domond had been hurled from his saddle. Had not William, sword in hand, the star of the Garter blaz-

ing on his bosom, his wig, his coat, his blue ribbon, all torn by bullets, now on horseback, now on foot, stayed the rush of the French, at the head of a few unbroken regiments, the army would never have rallied again. Nightfall put an end to the pursuit. The summer moon rose over the most ghastly field of carnage that even the history of Flanders could boast. Next spring a thick carpet of poppies spread itself in one blaze of vivid crimson along the famous slope; and the curious traveller learned from the peasants of the neighborhood that the flowers had been sown in the blood of twenty thousand men.

The wounded Sarsfield was borne from the battlefield to Huy. There a few days afterwards he died of a fever brought on by his wounds. His place of sepulture is unknown. But though the sod of Flanders covers his forgotten tomb, his fame perisheth not. And some day yet, in that dim future which we who read his story shall never live to see, when the sinful strife of man has ceased to rage, when the name of Limerick raises no more bitter passions than the word Glencoe, and when "the orange" and "the green" have mingled their colors in one common emblem, his statue, carved by a loving hand, may rise in the shadowed aisles of that Gothic cathedral sacred to the memory of the saint whose Irish name he was so proud to bear. FREDERICK DIXON.

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From Murray's Magazine.

MEMOIR OF JOHN MURRAY.

BY RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE memoirs of Mr. Murray, very recently published, have already had so favorable a reception from the public, that their place among the successful publications of the year must before this time have been fully assured. But they deserve much more than a momentary good fortune. For they form not only the biographical record of a very able man, and of a most interesting personality; but a chapter of great importance in the history of literature, especially but not exclusively on its industrial side.

Books are, after all, a product of manufacturing industry; but, among manufactures, theirs is surely the most interesting, and the most peculiar, because it is based upon the reduction of a mental product to a material form, and what was originally intangible and ethereal, in this way, without losing its earlier character, comes to be



embraced within the same category as a yard of calico, or a bushel of wheat.

But while these goods have no value except what is exhibited by their outward form, so that the independent producers of other bushels of wheat or yards of calico meet them in the market upon equal terms, the producer of the book exhibits to the world a double entity, one material, the other mental; and the author pleads that, as the material thing which we call a book is protected by the law against abstraction, so the thoughts contained in it, and wrought by him into a structure more or less elaborate, should in like manner be protected from reproduction. For reproduction, from his point of view, is theft. It is offering to the world, for such price as the world may be willing to give, not only the paper and print which the producer has to buy and pay for, but the composition contained in them, which represents the time and labor, and therefore the food and raiment, and lodging, and all the lawful needs of the author. These he gets for nothing, and sells for something.

On this basis has been erected that curious formation which we call the law of copyright. The conditions of its birth and history have been chequered and abnormal; but the reasonableness of the proposition that mental toil, on taking literary form, should not be deprived of the remuneration enjoyed by bodily labor, has brought it out into the light of day, and so secured its acceptance. And it appears in this century of ours to take an increasing hold on the intelligence of societies, and the assent of states. It has a train of satellites, such as the protection of pictures from copying in the sphere of sight, and of music in the sphere of sound, and again in the prohibition to convert the contents of private letters into public property without the consent of the writer.

But the author, when he has obtained an acknowledgment of his right to protection, has not yet surmounted all his difficulties. The growth of wheat, and the manufacture of calico, produce articles complete in themselves, and only requiring certain manipulations before reaching the ultimate consumer. These processes are capable of being performed by a multitude of persons; and the function of the intermediate distributors, being simple, is performed by many, not by few. But the author has given birth to a commodity which is entirely unavailable for the purpose of yielding him support, until he has contracted, as it were, a marriage with

some capitalist who will agree to become joint partner of the book, giving it a body where the author has supplied the soul, and thus at length constituting it a marketable and productive commodity. The author cannot himself as a rule be the publisher, and publishers are extremely few; so few that until a very recent date, they might be counted on the fingers. Practically, and as a general rule, the author in relation to his customer is nobody, until his initial performance has been capped by the accession of the publisher. Better would be the position of a man who should offer for sale the stock and lock of a rifle, without the barrel to complete it.

The publisher, then, stands in an immovable position between the author and the public; and it largely depends upon his choice whether he shall starve or feed both the one and the other. His office faces both ways. As to that side of it which regards the author, I know of no reason to doubt that it has now reached, in the main, its mature and final development. In these volumes of Dr. Smiles, we find set before us for the first time a full and systematic account of the manner in which this office, as towards the author, was understood and discharged by a great London publisher. Great, not in the limited beginnings of the business inherited from his father, but in the qualities by which he enlarged and converted it into a wide and complicated scale of transactions. These were marked throughout by a treatment of authors so full of enterprise, of liberality, and of considerateness, as to entitle him not only to the acknowledgments of individuals, but to the grateful recollections of the class. The fortune he acquired was not, I believe, in full proportion to the magnitude and apparent success of his undertakings. Undoubtedly the perusal of these volumes tends to create an impression that it would have been larger, had he been somewhat more stinted in the terms which he offered or allowed to the writers of books. His large, genial, sympathetic spirit sometimes permitted feeling for the individual with whom he dealt, if not to color his expectation of a market, yet certainly to enter into and to swell the price he was to allow for the commodity. It is even probable that by his individual action he either permanently raised, or at least accelerated the rise, of the standard of literary remuneration.

The process, by which the great profession of letters has advanced to its present

position, has been a slow one. It can in my belief only become wholly satisfactory when the law of copyright shall have been placed upon such a footing as to allow the public, its true patron, earlier and more effective access to the perusal of new and high-class works, than for the most part it at present enjoys. But the progress actually effected has been immense. Let us go back to the time when, in this country, Milton accepted from a bookseller £5, with contingent payments of £10 more, for the privilege of issuing "Paradise Lost." We are accustomed tacitly to commiserate the poet, and to hold his publisher in small account for liberality. But there is a word to be said on the publisher's behalf. Fifteen pounds, even if we multiply it (say) by three, with reference to the altered relation of value between cash and commodities, may be but a small sum. Still it is a sum, and passes into the pocket; and the question arises whether there had ever before been given among us, by any publisher, for any work, any payment at all. Such cases may have existed, but I have never been able to discover them. Take another instance. Fifty years ago, America, as a very young country, probably represented a much earlier stage of development in the literary question than England, or than the America of to-day with its huge and rapid development. At any rate, we have before us in the revised "Life of Mr. Dana," but just published, a curious account of his transactions with one of the first publishers of New York respecting his peculiarly interesting work, "Two Years before the Mast."\* As he was not a rich man, considerable pains were taken to get the best possible price for it. But this proved to be only two hundred and fifty dollars, or £50. It was reprinted in England by Mr. Moxon without the protection of copyright, and a larger sum was voluntarily remitted to the author than he had obtained in America by parting with his legal property in the work. Compare with these cases the state of things in which "Woodstock," only in part composed, had already, in 1826, been set down by the house of Constable as an asset at £7,500; while another novel, not yet begun, but to be written during the year, at £7,500 more.† Of the immense advance thus effected on behalf of literary livelihood, the reader of these volumes may be led to surmise that an appreciable share is due to Mr. Murray.

Let me illustrate this general statement from the biography, by instances which shall not be associated with names so famous as those of Scott and Byron. In 1820, for the "Memoirs of Lord Waldegrave," together with Horace Walpole's "Last Nine Years of George II.," he agreed to pay £2,500, a price which no other publisher would give, and which he did not recover from the public. He gave Washington Irving three thousand guineas for the "Voyages of Columbus;" two thousand for the "Conquest of Granada," losing on the two works £2,250. He gave one thousand guineas for the first volume of Napier's "Peninsular War;" £1,200 for "Franklin's Second Expedition;" £3,000 for the copyright of "Crabbe's Poems;" five hundred guineas for Milman's "Fall of Jerusalem;" for the "Martyr of Antioch" and "Belshazzar" the same sum in each case. He gave Miss F. Kemble four hundred guineas for "Francis the First."\* In most of these cases (but not the last), he went against or beyond the judgment of his own literary advisers; no inconsiderable persons, for they were such as Gifford, Croker, Lockhart, and Sharon Turner.

He showed an enlightened judgment in preferring a system of sharing profits to that of purchasing outright. But the largeness of these prices was not the only form in which he exhibited his pecuniary disinterestedness. To Scott, by whose genius he had profited, he presented his fourth share of the copyright of "Marmion" "as an act of grateful acknowledgment;"† and when it was desired to withhold from publication the memoirs Byron had written, on account of their contents, he warmly concurred in promoting the suppression, though he held the property; and, in order to secure this end, he was willing to sacrifice two thousand guineas which he had paid for them. An arrangement was, however, eventually made by which the money was repaid to him.‡ Indeed the liberality of his mind habitually went beyond pecuniary forms; and we repeatedly find him lending to authors without any security for repayment; or laboring to bring about accommodations among his rivals in trade, which by withdrawing business from himself went directly to the diminution of his gains.

In one instance only perhaps did he offer a niggardly remuneration for literary

\* R. H. Dana; a Biography, vol. i., pp. 25-7.

† A. Constable and his Literary Correspondents, chap. vi., p. 405.

\* Memoirs, vol. ii., pp. 89, 104, 106, 257, 258, 260, 283, 290, 385.

† Memoirs, vol. ii., p. 275.

‡ Vol. i., pp. 441-50.

work. It was in the case of the poet Coleridge. This extraordinary man, though not in the full enjoyment of his fame, had at the time of the transaction executed his great translation of "Wallenstein," which has all the character of an original, and which some, it is believed, have preferred to the work of Schiller himself.\* In 1814 it was proposed to Coleridge that he should translate "Faust." But the price offered him by Mr. Murray for the translation, together with a preliminary analysis, was no more than £100, payable within two months after the work should have been placed complete in the hands of the publisher.† The explanation of what seems a marked deviation from his ordinary scale may have lain in his suspicions of Coleridge as a man of business, and in a consequent lukewarmness as to the formation of any relations with him. Poor Coleridge, probably under pressure of circumstances, sent what was meant to be an acceptance of the terms. But, very unfortunately, the matter did not proceed, and the world lost in this instance what is in literature a rare and very interesting phenomenon, the rendering by a great poet, in a tongue foreign to the original, of the thoughts of a poet greater still.

Mr. Murray exhibited his self-reliance and decision of character, when his years were still few, and his resources slender, by his peremptory dissolution of partnership ‡ with Mr. Highley, a sort of inherited partner whom he felt to be an incumbrance. His proposal, he says, he knows to be a fair one, and "I declare it to be the last with which I intend to trouble you." These qualities marked his whole career; and were shown in the promptitude of his offers, in his disposition to constant multiplication of engagements, and in the large share of work properly literary which he habitually took upon himself. He did not follow the practice common among publishers of employing a salaried reader, but obtained *pro re natâ* the friendly aid of eminent men, who valued their relations with him, and gladly lent it. His private judgment could not but be considerably exercised in the choice of this or that adviser as occasion arose, and it has been seen that he withheld from them any servile deference, even to the increase of his own costs and charges. From their letters it is evident that they respected his judgment, and those letters of his, with which the volumes are thickly, but not too thickly

strewn, bear witness to his real literary capacity.

And this is perhaps the proper place to notice his concern in the foundation of the *Quarterly Review*.

Along with that review, Mr. Murray seems to have rather hardened in his Toryism with the lapse of years; but it was, in its inception, a literary undertaking. It followed the *Edinburgh*, founded in 1802, which has the honor of originality, and with which Murray came to be connected, as part agent, and then as sole agent in London, about three years later. First in the field, "it appeared at the right time, and, as the first quarterly organ of the higher criticism, evidently hit the mark at which it aimed."\*

Differences with the *Edinburgh* publisher soon arose, we are told, out of his practice of drawing accommodation bills, that is to say bills not represented by values. Accordingly, before 1808 had expired, the agency was withdrawn from Mr. Murray. He was then left free to prosecute a plan for the establishment of a review in the southern capital, anticipated in this matter by the northern.

This plan seems to have been eminently and exclusively his own. The inception of the *Quarterly* was a matter far more arduous and complicated than had been that of the *Edinburgh*. In the case of the elder sister, a body of distinguished men appear to have framed their own literary scheme, and then to have found a publisher ready to undertake its mercantile counterpart, each party having its own province, and its own responsibility. There was not, in the case of the *Quarterly*, any such compact combination of writers, formed beforehand under an editorial head. The editor was appointed, the writers one by one attracted, the literary arrangements constantly considered, by Mr. Murray, who is evidently and exclusively entitled to the honors of a founder. Next to him comes Sir Walter Scott; and in the third place stands Gifford, whose office in docking, trimming, adapting, and almost rewriting articles appears to have been one of great labor and anxiety, peremptorily and strongly, but ably and conscientiously performed. Although the *Review* had the aid of Scott from the first, although Southey, Croker, and other notable men came in, although it enjoyed in a few cases the brilliant superintendence of Canning, yet the want of a regular staff, and of undivided re-

\* *Memoirs*, vol. i., p. 300.

† Vol. i., p. 297.

‡ Vol. i., p. 31.

\* *Memoirs*, vol. i., p. 91.

sponsibilities, resulted during the early years of the *Review*, from 1809 to 1817 or near it, in an unfavorable balance-sheet. But neither difficulty nor loss exhausted the courage, persistence, and assiduity of the publisher. It was rewarded after a costly and toilsome apprenticeship, by a career of marked and enduring success. Under the powerful direction of Gifford, and, after a short interval, of Lockhart, it equalled or surpassed the large circulation of some twelve thousand copies, to which the northern rival had more rapidly attained. It became in the hands of its publisher, an estate; and no estate was ever more honorably acquired by integrity, discernment, and munificent appreciation of literary service. Even when each number was a loss, every article supplied by the pen of Southey was paid for at the rate of a hundred pounds.

Mr. Murray had indeed something like a passion for periodical literature. He repeatedly entertained the idea of widening the market for this class of supplies by the establishment of a magazine of smaller price and more frequent appearance than those of the *Quarterly*. This propensity reached its climax at the juncture when he undertook to face single-handed, in addition to all his other engagements, the immense labor and responsibility of a daily newspaper.

There is not to be found a more curious or attractive chapter in the biography before us, than that which recounts the origin, foundation, and catastrophe of the *Representative*, that having been the title of the ill-omened and all but ruinous journal. It can, I think, hardly be denied that in this matter Mr. Murray conspicuously lost the balance of his judgment. It cannot be considered prudent for a great publisher to found, own, and manage a daily newspaper. For in the deed or memorandum of partnership\* we read, "the paper to be published by, and to be under the management of, Mr. Murray." He had already been partner with Mr. Croker in the *Guardian* newspaper, published at Windsor, and it had failed. He was led into the adoption of this larger scheme, says Dr. Smiles, through the influence of Mr. Benjamin Disraeli.† Does the history of commerce, or of letters, offer to us a more curious picture than that of the sagacious veteran of the book trade, drawn into a wild and impossible undertaking by the eloquence of a youth of twenty? He had been at his work for

thirty years; but this was the year 1825, the year of "Prosperity Robinson," the year of dupes and dreams. It was also the time when Mr. Canning "called the New World into existence, to redress the balance of the old." If Mr. Canning, when he made the boast, was perhaps a little influenced by the intoxication of the time, we may be the less surprised that its fumes found their way into the well-chambered brain of Mr. Murray. Then it is to be borne in mind that Disraeli the elder was a close personal friend, and was one of the advisers employed about the *Quarterly*. Intimacy had long been established between the families. But, after every allowance, our amazement can be but little abated when we contemplate the fascination exercised by the young magician. Nor was the publisher the only captive. Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, who had already communicated with a financing house in the city, and obtained the adhesion of a certain Powles (afterwards shown, in Carlyle's phrase, to be a windbag), twice undertook a journey to Scotland. He was confident in the solidity of the arguments he had to use. Lockhart, he writes,\* "must see that, through Powles, all America and the commercial interest is at our beck," and that he is to be "the director-general of an immense organ, and at the head of a band of high-bred gentlemen, and of important interests." Mr. Isaac comments † on the letters of his son. "His views are vast, but they are founded on good sense." "Never did the finest season of blossoms promise a richer gathering." The youth reported ‡ that though Lockhart eventually declined any personal share in the undertaking, yet both he and Sir Walter Scott viewed it with approval. Seeking to win a correspondent in Germany, he represented § that—the paper would surely become "the focus of the information of the whole world." The phrase carries internal evidence of its originality. But it is borrowed, in a letter to another foreign gentleman, by the great publisher himself. "I wish to make this journal the focus of the whole world." A costly plagiarism! Mr. Murray, by the agreement, was to supply half the capital, Mr. Powles and Mr. Benjamin Disraeli were to furnish one quarter each. At last the *Representative* came to the birth. After a hard fight for existence, it succumbed. The financial history will be

\* Memoirs, vol. ii., p. 186.

† P. 182.

\* Memoirs, vol. ii., p. 191.

† Pp. 193-5.

‡ P. 191.

§ Pp. 202-3.

best read in the narrative of Dr. Smiles.\* Suffice it to say that the chapter containing it is one of those in which fact beats fiction; and that Mr. Murray lost £26,000 by the ill-starred adventure.

An impartial reader will, I think, conclude from the perusal, that Mr. Murray's miscarriage was by no means due to mere pecuniary greed; that a spirit of enterprise, true though pushed into exaggeration, had more to do with it; and that strong personal sympathy, perhaps even affection, was a main factor in the undertaking. He comes out of it smaller, perhaps, as a calculator, but more than ever a man. And it is in truth the strong and genuinely human element, marking and following the whole course of his career, which heightened its interest, but from time to time endangered its success; and which has impressed much of the stamp of chivalry on a trading career.

Many of the side-lights of this biography open subjects of great interest; for instance, the origin and character of Gifford. But there is one of them which cannot be passed by, by reason of its probable bearing on Mr. Murray's commercial education. Constable, whose large and enterprising business came to a disastrous end in 1826, and made place for that great epic presented to us in the heroic close of the life of Scott, was, if not the tutor, yet certainly the foreshadower of Murray. He had something of the same boldness of conception, and largeness of liberality towards authors; with the disadvantage of a less central position, and a narrower market at his doors. Their relations were close for a considerable time, and their sentiments of reciprocal regard were warm. The tie was weakened by Murray's distrust of his friend's finance, which he thought dangerously mixed up with reliance on accommodation bills. In 1807 the junior entered on a course of remonstrance with the senior trader. But the bond between them was not then broken, and Mr. Murray most warmly acknowledges the value of pecuniary support received from him in 1810,† when his own resources may have been seriously strained by the heavy charges attending the first establishment of the *Quarterly Review*. This is related in the memoir of Constable by his son; a work which is unduly swollen with much padding, but which contains no small amount of valuable information, and forms a portion of what may be called the Scott literature.

\* Memoirs, vol. ii., chap. xxvi.

† Archibald Constable, vol. i., p. 384.

Controversy arose upon Lockhart's treatment of Constable in his great biography. However, in a letter of the year 1827, Lockhart says \* all literary men know the debt they owe to him personally "for having thrown so much of new life and vigor into the conduct of the profession." And he seems to be entitled to some share of the praise which has been earned by Murray on a larger scale, and through a surer sagacity, and a closer adherence to sound principles of business.

In the grand enterprise of cheapening literature, and making it accessible to the public at large, Mr. Murray, Mr. Charles Knight, and Mr. Constable had their respective shares.† The "Family Library" and "The Library of Entertaining Knowledge" began in 1829. But Constable had been beforehand with them, and had brought out his "Miscellany" in the beginning of 1827.‡ Mr. Murray had long been pondering his own scheme, which he at length brought into beneficial operation. And it seems no improbable conjecture that this delay was owing to the pre-occupation, first of his mind by the fascinations of the *Representative*, and then of his resources by the disastrous liquidation.

I must not close these remarks without referring to the literary court of Mr. Murray.§ His hospitality was large and constant. It was not confined to authors of standing and repute, for I myself, without the smallest pretension to such a character, shared it half a century ago. His drawing-room, open from day to day, had the attractions of a most refined literary club, minus the subscription. His relations with the distinguished circle did not merely represent what Carlyle calls "the cash-nexus between man and man." The company which so freely went in and out had no limit of nationality, and was of no sect in politics or letters. In another development of his munificent spirit, he coveted and contrived the formation of a gallery of portraits. The hand of Lawrence was to be traced there; and, when he had not long passed the middle of his career, it already included Byron, Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Moore, Gifford, Croker, Barrow, Hallam, Irving, Campbell, Lockhart, Crabbe, among men of letters, besides the chief voyagers to the North Pole and to Africa.||

The scope of human life is indeed wide,

\* Archibald Constable, vol. iii., p. 439.

† Memoirs, vol. ii., pp. 295-6.

‡ Archibald Constable, chap. viii., p. 440.

§ Vol. ii., p. 83.

|| Vol. ii., p. 317.



and its aspects multitudinous. On some, and the very highest, of them, I have not presumed to touch. But Murray raised the tone of his profession; and every man who does that, is among the benefactors of his race. I have therefore sought to mark the work as a literary life which is entitled to the rare and solid distinction of a permanent place in the history of letters. My own title so to mark it is to be found simply in the fact that, though two distinguished ladies\* still survive, one of whom preceded me, I am the only man now living, who has had Mr. Murray, second of his race, for his publisher. *His saltem accumulem donis.* And may that race long continue.

\* Mrs. Butler and Lady Eastlake.

From Longman's Magazine.  
ON AUTOGRAPHS.

# I.

GRAY has written his elegy. He has commemorated the *memento mori* in the country churchyard of those who have "gone over to the majority," as men put it, with the presumptuous numerical speculation which ignores the possibilities of a present and a future, of whose limit of life no man holds the measuring line. But it remains for some poet, perhaps unborn, to write a new elegy, and in the light of his inspiration to interpret the pathos and the humor and the irony of those other mementoes, of the great, or at least of the notorious, which lie collected in those literary cemeteries in which the autograph collector buries his possessions or advertises his spoils.

It is true that the squalid and rapacious character which too often belongs to the collectors of such memorials has obscured the picturesque aspect of his chase, and that the lists of "autograph letters" for sale have intruded ideas into our minds which have desecrated the resting-places of these relics, faded or fresh, and have transformed them into precincts where anatomists drive their bargains for skeletons and physiologists select subjects for dissection — not infrequently for vivisection.

But, however that may be, the fact nevertheless remains that, to those who look below, a great part of the strange humor of life's relations is epitomized in these motley assortments, where the *dramatis personæ* are represented, each by his own

signature, in fragmentary moods of grief or jesting, of anger, or hate, or love — moods deep and light, serious and volatile, where are found records of tears long forgotten by the mourner; of wrongs unrighted, forgotten by their champions; of jests from which the laughter has faded, and anecdotes robbed by time of their point, or, it may often be more accurately described, of their edge.

Take, for example, the collection of manuscript letters, rather than autographs, which lie before us. They are, it is true, bound together by one link, and possess one characteristic in common; for, with comparatively few exceptions, they are addressed to a single correspondent, and the reflection of his personality lies mirrored, in varying degrees of strength, across the whole collection. It is the transitory principle of cohesion which unites for the time elements so various, sometimes so antagonistic — the rallying-point round which the assemblage gathers. For a moment they meet, like the personages represented at a fancy ball; then the kaleidoscope is shaken; its broken splinters of color separate to unite again in fresh patterns; the crimson triangle detaches itself from the blue star to join the yellow octagon, and the green square mingles with what once formed the crystallized design of a radiating diamond.

It is a heterogeneous procession that passes us by in irregular order, or, more properly speaking, in no order at all, except that of the alphabet. No precedence is here given, none demanded; the living and the dead, the old and the young, the comparatively insignificant and the illustrious, men and women, mingle together in the crowd, whilst the memorials of each are as various in their nature and character as those they represent. Here and there we meet with a letter important enough in subject and treatment to claim attention on its own merits, independently of the name which stands below it, whilst as frequently it is the personality of the writer alone which lends an interest to the trivialities he registers. Nothing is added by these last to the sum of human knowledge or wisdom, they were never intended for publication, would be out of place in any serious collection of letters, and would never, as the phrase goes, be included in a man's "remains;" and yet this driftwood of literature possesses a value altogether its own. In the more serious achievements of the literary artist he leaves behind him a monument in which we see him as philosopher, poet, scientist — what

you will—he appears before us draped in the costume he has selected with due regard to the effect, and as that most becoming to the character he desires to assume; but as we read these hurried notes we seem to penetrate behind the scenes, and to catch a passing glimpse, not of the man as artist, but of the artist as man—the man out of whom (not always, as Mrs. Browning has taught us, without detriment to the raw material) the artist is manufactured. And we are grateful for the glimpse.

Not in real life could the irony of fate, or of chance, whichever we like to call it, be demonstrated with more completeness than here, or men and women more opposite in views, in character, in opinions and lines of life and interest, jostle and press one another in the throng. Here the sinner and the saint lie side by side in a tranquillity as unbroken as where the grass is green over their contiguous graves; here the polemical disputants have signed a truce, the man of science and the theologian have ceased to wrangle, and rivals in politics and art find an amicable meeting-ground.

As one turns over the pages one wonders—but it is a question which, notwithstanding the interest of the subject, one prefers to confine to the realm of speculation—what would be the sentiments of some, at least, of the writers were they to light upon the record here preserved, and to read the history, traced by their own hands, of some episode in the past, half forgotten by themselves, and concerning which they have issued a decree, as imperious as that of Nebuchadnezzar himself, that it shall be no longer remembered by the world. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, in his picture of “how they met themselves,” has interpreted, as only a poet can, the sentiments we can imagine would be theirs should they chance upon this silent witness to the ineffectualness of their fiat. Or, possibly, they might take the matter more lightly, like the quondam lover who, re-reading in later life his youthful love-letters, docketed them for sole commentary with a note of exclamation. However that may be, in these pages we see the anomaly take place; the man of to-day meets with the man of yesterday, and, to epitomize the whole, Mr. Gladstone dates his letter from the Carlton Club.

Here, again, we come upon a series of letters, which we read with astonishment, looking through them a second time to make quite sure that our eyes have not deceived us. They place on record the

deliberate arraignment of friend by friend. There is no mistake about it. In terms clear and distinct the impeachment is brought against the veracity, the honesty, almost, one might say, the honor, of the accused. As one reads them, one is reminded of Lord Grey's reply to the indictment brought against him in the House of Lords by the Lord Derby of another generation: “In the attack that has been made upon me,” he said, “a noble lord has constantly designated me as his noble friend. I trust that he will consider that he has now discharged the ultimate office of friendship, and will never again usurp the name.” Lord Derby, we have been told by an eye-witness of the scene, acknowledged the announcement of the dissolution of lifelong ties with the coolness of absolute indifference, merely, from his seat opposite, lifting his hat with a bow. Nothing, added the same narrator in describing the incident, that he had witnessed on any stage had been so tragic. Perhaps to a looker-on the parting of friends to which the letters before us attest, might have had its degree and element of tragedy. But his sympathy would have been misplaced had he concluded the breach to be final. The date shifted, the years went by, and accuser and accused were standing once more before the world as friends. They had agreed together to bury their differences. *Hic jacet odium*; or would it be more accurate to say, *Hic jacet veritas*?

But to pass on to more particular mention of the ghosts that rise to meet us. Here, under the letter A, we find Sarah Austin returning thanks to her friend for some token of his recollection of “one who is hardly to be reckoned among the living,” and expressing a hope that when the task she has undertaken—some literary enterprise, no doubt—is accomplished, she may “rejoin that better half that has been taken from me.” It is a hope that, as we decipher the faded characters, we know to have been long since realized.

Side by side with her letter lies one from Matthew Arnold, in which he makes his acknowledgment on Christmas day, 1872, for a present which chancing to reach him on his birthday, had been such as “almost to console him for growing old;” while on the next page Miss Berry complains of her health, and, following her, Robert Browning expresses generous appreciation of the work of a fellow-poet, and Dr. John Brown, writing as a stranger to a stranger, and evidently at the end of

an argument, insists with national tenacity in infringing a woman's right and "having the last word."

Various enough! but all these have one "note" at least in common. Miss Berry's health, we may be sure, troubles her no longer; Sarah Austin, whether the task of which she speaks was finished or incomplete, has had her aspiration fulfilled; Dr. John Brown's last word has, alas, been spoken, and Matthew Arnold fears no more the landmark of age or time.

As we turn the page, however, all is changed, and we find ourselves with an abrupt transition, brought face to face with the present. Here a baby notoriety confronts us standing as the representative of life's promises, in contradistinction to its performances. If the writers with whom we have hitherto been concerned had all — to use an Irishman's description of his country — a history behind them, she, to continue the quotation, may have a pedigree before her, but she still belongs to the possibilities. She tells us that she is "looking forward awfully" to some promised pleasure. We are glad to hear it, hoping, as we pass on, that in one instance at least reality came up to expectation. And, for fear she should overhear the reply, we refrain from asking the verdict of her more experienced companions on the probabilities of the issue.

A letter with a special interest attaching to it comes next, for it is an author's own estimate of his work, and one also which, being altogether favorable, may be credited with a sincerity too often confined or trammelled by false shame or mock humility. He is content with his achievement, and we congratulate him as we pass on.

Alas! from this serene summit of literary satisfaction we are abruptly recalled to the contentions of the plains below. Here, in the medley, is a poet making mention of his political engagements, and a painter of the ideal giving his opinion — darkening counsel, as possibly some irreverent scoffer might term it — upon the actual and the real; whilst, looking a little further ahead, we meet with a practical politician and hard fighter, who takes his revenge for the trespass committed on his domain by being more visionary than the poet and more an idealist than the painter. So that, in the end, all is fair; the balance is rectified and the motley army marches on together to its common goal.

But to look on, or rather to look back, for in this, as in many cases, to go on is

not to go forward; turning the page we pass to where the yellow quarto paper and faded ink, no less than the careful delicacy of the handwriting and the stately courtesy of the style, proclaim that we have quitted this age of hurry and stress to return to that in which men still had leisure. Which of us, one wonders — of us who are so busy in doing nothing, or, worse still, in doing to-day what will be undone to-morrow, we ourselves not impossibly lending a hand to the work of destruction — which of us would consider ourselves able to spare the time bestowed by Samuel Taylor Coleridge on an invitation to dinner, or on the following elaborate apology, filled with the morbid self-accusation characteristic of the man, which, occupying more than a page of closely written quarto, deals with a trifling oversight in the wording of an invitation given? As we read it, some among us may possibly congratulate ourselves that we have not the leisure to experience such deep compunction for a mistake of like dimensions. Yet listen to Coleridge's self-condemnation: —

"I have [been]," he says, "some half-dozen times, and if I say a score I shoot not far beyond the mark, on the point of writing to you. I cannot tell why; but so it is, that the mistake occasioned by Mrs. Gillman's forgetting that what it was impossible you should understand it was scarcely possible that you should not misunderstand (*videlicet*, that on Thursdays we drank Tea at our ordinary dinner hour on Mr. Irvine's and Basil Montague's account), has recurred to me with a frequency and an annoyance strangely disproportionate to the occasion. Of one thing I am certain, that I did not pay you so ill a compliment as to imagine that you would not think an evening passed with so interesting and highly gifted man as Irvine, and so acute and effective a Reasoner as my excellent Friend Basil Montague, a sufficient compensation for a bad dinner, or, rather, a bad apology for a dinner. But it sometimes happens that against our will a painful sensation, that takes one by surprise, hooks itself in, like the microscopic hairs of the caterpillar, that are said to occasion the Urticaria — and the pain I myself suffered, from the thought of the oversight striking you as virtual disrespect, *i.e.*, the want of that respect which should have prevented it, made it easier for me to fancy this possible. I console myself, however, with the hope that a suspicion so particularly contrary to the

truth, both in my own feelings and in those of my friends Mr. and Mrs. Gillman, will have passed through no head but my own, and perhaps I ought rather to apologize for so *lengthy* a preface to the enclosed card which Mrs. Gillman desires me to enclose, and if you are fond of dancing I can promise you more than one handsome partner. . . . I am, dear Sir, with much esteem, yours truly,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

There it stands — has stood for these sixty-seven years — the record of the tea which should have been a dinner, "lit up," to quote from a second letter from the same writer containing yet another invitation, "lit up," no doubt, in addition to the guests named, by some of the "female intelligences" belonging to the circle. In this second letter we note that there is no ambiguity with regard to the nature of the entertainment offered; no loophole left for a further attack of conscience. It is, indeed, to be "only a family dinner" — of that the invited guest is fairly warned, "but still a dinner," with which "wine which has been received into the Binn as Falerian," and some tolerable port besides, is to be drunk; and the further inducement is held out of the society of Mr. Green, of Lincoln's Inn, "whose lectures on life, form, and instinct" have attracted so much attention, and "who is as good as he is tall, being six feet three inches high." This last entertainment is evidently calculated to banish the recollection of the one over the inadequacy of which the mind of the host had been so painfully exercised. Yet we imagine that even a gourmand of to-day might deem his dinner well lost had he received an invitation to join the tea-party at Highgate.

A half sheet of paper, also yellow with age, follows. It has neither beginning nor end, but the recipient has added its explanation in the significant comment: "Written by Hartley Coleridge plenus Bacchi." It opens with an apology for the writer's backwardness in fulfilling some literary engagement, then breaks out into doggerel rhyme: —

One hour — one little hour, I spent with thee,

Were I a child it had been long ago,  
But leaden hours at forty, how they flee —  
Like bullets — ay, that simile, you know,  
Pope has forestalled; his juvenility  
Outran my wit, that ever was too slow.

And with these lines, like the burlesque below which we trace the skeleton of the tragedy, we take leave of the Coleridges;

the scene shifts from Highgate to Chelsea, the date from the twenties to the fifties, and the philosophic historian replaces the poetical philosopher.

Here, again, the letter begins with an apology for a trivial error, which, however, in this instance, has not been allowed to weigh too heavily on the more robust conscience of Thomas Carlyle. A letter has been opened by mistake, and then mislaid until it has become obsolete. But before he concludes, the note is struck which sets to the communication, slight as was the occasion which drew it forth, the sign and seal of the writer.

"I often think," he writes, "that my horse might carry me thither [to the house of his correspondent] any day, especially some Sunday, into a circle more *human* for me than most others now are. The world gets tragically solitary as we grow old in it. I [word illegible] in work here, though *lame* into the very heart. — Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE."

Who that possessed his gift of tragic expression could have avoided believing in the tragedy of his life? It would be a curious speculation to analyze how far the opinions of men are correlative to their powers of expressing them, and in how many cases it is possible that the power of expression was the mould in which the opinion or sentiment expressed was cast.

A note follows, written in a lighter vein. It is a reply to an eminent photographer, whose petition for a sitting, though favorably received, cannot at once be granted.

"But," he adds encouragingly, "there will another day arrive (other days with sun in them) — strange confession of faith from Thomas Carlyle! — "and a studio nearer hand) and you *shall* have a stroke at my face, if you persist in wishing it. Depend upon that; and let us (as the Latins say) 'hasten slowly.' — Yours always truly,

T. CARLYLE."

And last of all comes one of which, even as we glance at it, the writing of the amanuensis, the trembling characters of the autograph affixed, tell their own mournful story. It is only the answer to an invitation to dinner, yet as we read it we fancy we hear the tolling of the bell which announces that the funeral is at hand. He wishes he could come, "but, alas, alas, I am in so weak a way, bodily and spiritually, I must in prudence answer that I cannot." And the tremulous, shaken signature bears melancholy witness to the necessity of the caution.

And so the letter C comes to an end, and Chelsea and Highgate pass out of sight, making way for one who has disarmed criticism by claiming for himself, what others, perhaps, would have been reluctant to give him, the title of the poetaster — "the ink-spillingest of friends," thus he signs his name across the blotted page, "F. H. Doyle," adding with characteristic readiness the impromptu verse: —

Compared with mighty Shakespeare, writers  
all

In this thin age are miserably small,  
Still, what Pope said he wanted, I have got,  
"The greatest art of all — the art to blot."

On the opposite page another Doyle is also represented by a specimen of his art. It was only a day or two ago that it was our fortune to be present at a discussion on the distinguishing characteristics of angels and fairies, the disputants being a child and a priest. Had the sketch now before us been produced in court, the question would have been a closed one. No impartial witness, looking at the angel portrayed by Richard Doyle, as it listens to three babies at their prayers, could entertain a doubt (granted — and who could question it? — that the artist had obtained a sitting from his celestial model) that both the angels and the fairies belong to one and the same race.

It is well that we have had this gay and graceful interlude — the genial versifier and the gentle painter — for there follows a letter which, in its dreary bitterness, is not surpassed in sadness by any in the collection.

The world is impatient of a sorrow that grows old. Like the lord chamberlain, it claims the right to regulate the period of mourning, to set its limits and prescribe its fashion and degree; and when a grief, like the crape which symbolizes it, begins to grow rusty, it is imperative in its demand that it shall be put off. Only to its first favorites, and to few indeed of these, does it permit the luxury of a life-long sorrow.

For poor George Darley, author of "Sylvia," now half forgotten, true poet as he was, we instinctively divine that it had small mercy. There was nothing interesting or picturesque — there was, on the contrary, something even grotesque — in the infirmity by which he was weighed down. But whether it would have been granted to him or not, it is probable that he laid little claim to sympathy, as he sat in hopeless patience under the shadow of his doom; rather we can imagine that he

would have shrunk from it with the sensitive recoil of a morbid and overstrained temperament, and that the letter which follows, in its apparent contradiction to our anticipation, is, likely enough, only the result of one of those impulses, exceptional indeed but not uncommon, which drive the most silent of mourners from time to time to open their grief.

After thanking his correspondent for some sign that he was not unremembered, he proceeds: —

"So shady is my path along the 'cool, sequestered vale of life,' that 'twould not be wonderful if friends on the sunny side of the hedge lost sight of me altogether. I am glad to find myself as little forgotten as forgetful of them. Tho' the gag which maternal Nature put into my mouth makes me appear a misanthrope, there is nothing I should less like to be, except a philanthropist. But what pleasure can sociality afford any one possessed with a dumb, or half-dumb, devil who tearth him within, and renders his effort at conversation a convulsion risible and lamentable together? If, however, you can tolerate (like a very few friends) all that makes such an imbroglio of the vernacular, I shall be as happy to see you as any in the parenthesis."

One is glad to perceive, as the letter proceeds, that "maternal Nature" had not been so altogether unmindful of the law of compensation as not, with the disease, to provide, if not a remedy at least a palliative; and that the man forgets himself in the poet as he enters with eager interest into the discussion as to whether or not it is justifiable to correct, with the experience of riper years, the poems of youth. Darley is emphatically of opinion that it is.

"True inspiration," he says, "burns always as long, often as bright, as the other intellectual faculties. . . . Yes, judgment improves with years — so does imagination, till both decline synchronously and sympathetically," proceeding to cite Shakespeare and Milton in support of his theory. "But perhaps," he adds in conclusion, "my verdict may be prejudiced, as *minimum componere maximis*, I could now sit down with all my boyish enthusiasm, purified somewhat, not the least diluted, to write extravaganzas like 'Sylvia' — if the world were not too wise to read them. Ever yours, as of old,

GEORGE DARLEY."



To this letter the answer has been preserved. Here it is :—

"Your letter," his correspondent writes, "is both gratifying and melancholy, and suggests many more reflections than I shall trouble you with. The infirmity which you speak of must be a sad trial to any man, and doubly sad to you, who have so much to express, and—with this one exception—so much of the faculties of language and expression. But there is another point of view in which it may be regarded and be assured that, so far as the moral mind is concerned, and the objects which you would value most, the opposite extreme—of a peculiar aptitude for society—is a severer trial still. I have observed the consequences of such an aptitude in persons whom I have known, and having seen what success in society has done to them, I have often thought that Nature would have been more truly kind had she put an impediment in their way. You, if you have great trials, have great resources and great strength."

We have no means of knowing whether, as man and as artist, George Darley accepted the consolation offered, but few will refuse to admit the truth upon which it is founded, as, looking round at the melancholy spectacle of the wrecks which strew the shores of the dead sea which is called society, they acknowledged that in art as in religion the uncompromising truth still holds good and that no man can serve two masters.

We are sorry, for our part, both for Darley's sake and for its own, that the world had grown too wise for him to amuse it. It would have forgiven him his melancholy if he could have made it laugh. His words, too, revive a misgiving by which most of us have been visited at times—a suspicion that we are loath to admit—that our present generation is not quite so gay as those by which it was preceded, that people nowadays are inclined to refuse to laugh till it has been clearly demonstrated to them that the joke is one of which they need not be ashamed (by which time it is likely enough that the occasion for mirth is gone by), and that when they do laugh they are apt to find themselves listening to their laughter, and observing with satisfaction that they have not, after all, forgotten how to be amused. It is a state of things against which, if our fears are well founded, it is useless to rebel; to be merry when we are sad, or at least serious, to laugh at the jests which have ceased to amuse us, is worse tenfold

than the absence of any merriment at all. We had better resign ourselves with as good a grace as we may to be grave, only let us be honest and say that we do so, not because we like it, or because we have got what is better worth having than laughter, but because we must, because the world has grown too old and too reasonable to be merry, and because folly, like the leisure of which we were speaking just now, and like other pleasant things of which we have not spoken, has met with such discouragement at its hands that she has taken it at its word and left it to get on as best it can without her.

And so George Darley, too, passes out of sight and another poet takes his place; a poet, or at least a poetical critic as he comes before us here, though it is not as such that the world chiefly remembers Frederick Faber.

Dating from Balliol College, he draws attention to an article of his own in an Oxford magazine, proceeding to pass judgment with youthful vehemence upon the "meretriciously ornate" poets of the day. It was possibly characteristic of the future founder of the English Oratory that he should have acted on the precisely opposite principle to those who "damn the sins they have no mind to." Otherwise, considering the matter in the light of his later religious verse, we are surely justified in concluding that the severity which dictated the stern denunciation of the particular literary sin in question had become modified in his later years! It is Wordsworth who, at this period of his career, commands his allegiance as he speaks of "the proudest day of my life—that which I spent with William Wordsworth, the foremost man of all this age at Rydal Mount." But in the eagerness and zeal with which, further on, he proceeds to combat and refute a "great and fearful heresy," though the said heresy is only concerned with the person and doctrines of Pythagoras, whom his correspondent is accused of having stigmatized as the great charlatan of antiquity, we seem to see foreshadowed the future ecclesiastic.

Not inappropriately and as if blind chance had for once been open-eyed, his letter is followed closely by another, the writer of which would, we feel sure, consider herself honored by the near neighborhood of the eminent churchman.

Here we read of a friendship not broken but renewed, and renewed, moreover, with something of the ardor which commonly, alas, belongs rather to the earlier stages of life's relationship than to those which

succeed them. But a past friendship revived has this advantage — perhaps an unfair one — both over those which, continuing unbroken through a long term of years, have too often suffered the gradual decay of age, and over those which are altogether new — that it unites in itself to a great extent the most attractive features of each, combining the charm of freshness and unexpectedness with that other charm, not less necessary to a perfect friendship, made up of old association, common memories, and the mellowing power of time. To meet once more a friend from whom we have been separated, no matter from what cause, for many years, is an experiment which few, perhaps, would have the courage or the faith to try, echoing rather Walter Savage Landor's pathetic protest:

No, my lost friend of many years,  
No, it must never be,  
Much rests with you which still endears,  
Alas; but what with me?

It is, in fact, a case of double or quits; the past, the tender and reverent associations which cling round an undisturbed grave, being the stakes which are risked. But when the game has been played and won, no doubt the winnings are high. In the present instance the venture appears to have been eminently successful.

One more letter, and this also from a woman — one of the greatest singers that the century has known — and this paper must close. We have heard Carlyle on growing old; he found, he tells us, the world getting "tragically solitary." Let us listen to what the woman and the artist has to say on the same subject.

"We old people are getting old," writes Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt in May, 1883, "I rather tired of life. I have lived through twenty lives, and my inner history is so rich, that I sit and read backwards into it, until I fancy I am in the midst of it! Scarcely a day passes when I do not receive tokens and remembrances of 'Auld Lang Syne.' What a thing true art is; how it has held me up through life and carried me gently over its abysses. Yes, life becomes more and more wonderful. I often think of the sunsets I saw at Havannah — the half of the sky was golden long after the sun was set! So I find life; so much is golden if we only see it, and the sufferings turn into gold too. *You*, like others, have had your share. May we find our way to the Throne of Grace, and all will be well.

"Can I only become the last chorister in the choir of heaven, I shall rejoice with holiest joy!"

I. A. TAYLOR.

From The Contemporary Review.  
ITALIAN SECRET SOCIETIES.

THE *Mafia* and *Camorra*, the one peculiar to Sicily, the other to Naples, owe their origin to the necessity, in past times, of the exercise of individual action against the evils of bad foreign government and the failure of justice. The habit of tyranny, gradually acquired by the two associations in certain circles, very soon resulted in the establishment of an illegal government carried on at the same time as, and within, the legal government.

The *Mafia* and *Camorra* of to-day, now that the original cause of their being has ceased, have few, if any, members among the higher classes, and derive the greater number of their associates from the prisons. Thence the evil again filters into the civil administration and courts of justice, where often, even now, favor and protection are bought and sold.

Since 1881 the *Camorra* has been declining in Naples, and it is not thought that it can exist much longer. The old popular customs are disappearing; the very mental habit of the Neapolitan people is being sensibly modified. The "High *Camorra*" — that is, certain closely united circles formed of men of position, who resorted to the *Camorra* proper to assist them, or who personally practised intimidation, making life difficult to those who in any way opposed them — has almost altogether ceased, unable to face the severe punishment and public indignation which follow any discovery of its deeds. But the *Camorra* proper has been very active within the last ten years, and no doubt still exists.

It is a popular custom in old Naples to play cards in the cafés. When a game is finished, you will often see one of the lookers-on walk straight up to the winner of the game, and claim and receive a certain portion of his profits. This bold fellow is a *Camorrist*.

Near the custom-houses at the limits of the city, where the town dues on country produce are paid, may be remarked, any day, groups of men waiting to levy a second and illegal tax on the vegetable carts that enter the city. These, too, are *Camorrist*s. The same thing obtains in the

public market; the Camorrists walk about, demanding and obtaining a certain percentage on the sales. Police inspectors who turn over the sale-books of the vendors, assert that they constantly find inscribed the sums paid to the Camorra.

In this and similar ways every kind of humble industry pays a tribute to the association; a slight sum where the industry is honest, an exorbitant sum in the case of illegal trades which are obliged to hide from the police, such as clandestine lotteries, houses of ill-fame, receiving of stolen goods, gambling-houses; and the very thieves, when not members of the nefarious association themselves, are forced to yield up a portion of their booty.

The work of the Camorra in the prisons has been so often described that it may be here omitted; but a few facts observed as lately as 1885 in Naples by a French pastor will serve to prove that then, at any rate, the Camorra was still very powerful. The head of the society was well known to the police of Naples, but he so well knew how to save appearances, that he succeeded in keeping himself out of the reach of the law. At that time the discipline of the association was very strict. The city was divided into so many quarters, each of which had its special chief of the Camorra. To this man the Camorrists of the quarter had to make a report every morning, and if any one of them forget to fold his hands in the prescribed fashion, or spoke before he was addressed, he received a violent box on the ear from the chief, and submitted to the indignity without a word. A Camorrist who had involuntarily betrayed a fact damaging to the society was summoned to a dinner given by the members, placed in a corner of the room, and subjected to all sorts of ill-treatment. He was spat upon, hit, pulled by the nose, etc., and his punishment only ceased when the meeting ended.

At one time the society was very numerous in Borgo Loreto, one of the low quarters of Naples, and a zealous policeman, named Borelli, was the terror of the quarter. An aspirant to the honor of membership in the Camorra, named Esposito, offered to free the society from this pest. He killed the policeman in one of the dark streets of the quarter by shooting him with a revolver, and was immediately advanced to the full honors of the Camorra. Flowers and comfits were showered upon him as he walked about; a banquet was given in his honor; and on

his being arrested, a subscription was opened to pay the expense of an advocate in his defence. He was obliged to be tried at Viterbo, as it had been noticed that when the jury belonged to the same place where the crime was committed, they either gave a scandalous acquittal, in spite of condemnatory evidence, or paid dearly for their love of justice. Esposito was condemned at Viterbo to thirteen years' penal servitude.

Such was the Camorra at Naples six years ago. But let the devil have his due. Merciless as the Camorra sometimes was, its members were very loyal to each other, and were not without a sense of gratitude to outsiders who happened to do them or theirs a benefit. When the police failed in discovering a theft, it was often possible to get back the object stolen by means of the Camorra, and sometimes the society has been known to promise and actually afford protection to individuals.

Not many years ago a foreigner, resident in Naples, gave up a large portion of his time to endeavoring to improve the condition of the poor—becoming a sort of city missionary. In this capacity he once had occasion to assist, without knowing who she was, the mother of a Camorrist, then in prison. During the rest of his life (he is now dead, and when he died a great crowd of the poor of Naples attended his funeral and covered his grave with flowers) the Camorrists constantly proved their gratitude for his benevolence to the mother of their comrade, and even extended this gratitude to one of his near friends. This gentleman was once walking late at night in old Naples, when a man accosted him, saying: "What are you doing here at this time of night? It is not safe." And he thereupon accompanied him to a larger and more frequented street, pointing out as they walked along the figures of certain persons lurking in the doorways and angles of the dark and narrow streets, and telling him that they were thieves in ambush. Having placed the gentleman in safety, the man raised his hat, remarking: "Be more prudent another time," and went away.

Not long afterwards, the same gentleman and a friend were returning from Cape Misenum, and halted at Bacoli to dine and rest. The little inn was full of people of the lower class, mostly from Naples, who made way for the gentlemen and insisted on their being served first. When they were ready to depart, a hackney-coachman offered to drive them to Naples. They accepted, and on the road

the coachman spoke warmly in praise of the dead missionary, to whom he expressed great gratitude for having procured him good nursing when he was ill. Having landed the gentlemen at their own door, he drove away, refusing any remuneration.

The Mafia and Camorra, attacked by repeated and vigorous prosecutions, are now passing through a process of evolution. The members of the Camorra, as it is now, avoid actual crime, but profit in many ways by the criminal class, and by every political agitation. The recent assassination of the chief of police at New Orleans has again raised the question in Naples whether the Mafia is as powerful as it used to be. That it still exists in some measure there is no doubt; but it has undergone a modification, and is no longer practised by any but the lowest class, while the Mala Vita (bad life) is the name now given to all bands of malefactors throughout Italy.

The Mala Vita is supposed to be divided into two portions, the smallest of which consists of neither forgers nor thieves, but only *accoltellatori* (literally, "those who wound with the knife"); the other portion, much more numerous, has a certain resemblance to the old Camorra of Naples. A characteristic of the members of the Mala Vita is their practice of tattooing the skin with the strangest patterns, the favorite figure being a heart transfixed by an arrow. The arms are the favorite limbs for the operation, but a famous member of the Mala Vita has been found to be tattooed all over the body, with the exception of the hands and face. The porters in Naples are in the habit of tattooing themselves, and often employ the figure of the heart or their own names or surnames; but there is a difference between them and the members of the Mala Vita, who use tattooing as a kind of initial ceremony, a proof of their scorn of pain; and it seems a point of honor with the chiefs to be tattooed on a larger scale than the others. In fact, one of the most feared of the heads of the sect, now in prison at Bari, has not an inch of his body that is not tattooed. He is covered with intricate lines and patterns, figures of serpents, horses' heads, proverbs, men's and women's names, etc.

The tattooers, who are very clever, are specially recompensed, but their number is decreasing. In Naples almost all the women of the criminal classes have a violet-colored spot below the left eye, which looks like a birth-mark, but which

is made on purpose. A miserable woman in one of the low quarters of Naples was asked why she had no spot under her eye, and replied: "I am not one of those," and refused to utter another word.

Tattooing is a favorite amusement in the prisons. One convict was found to have the name Carmela, with the date March 20, 1878, tattooed on his body. Another had a crescent moon on his breast, and below it a sun with eyes, nose, and mouth, then an undecipherable sign, and last of all a heart pierced with a dagger, and a crucifix turned upside down. Another man was tattooed with the figures of a man and woman fighting a duel. A beautiful girl, well known in the slums of Naples, had a frightful oath tattooed on her white left arm. In the prisons, it is said, the members of the Mala Vita scratch on the walls with a nail all sorts of signs and intricate lines, intended for the instruction of future prisoners belonging to the society, who read them like a book.

The crimes committed by the members of the Mala Vita are of every kind, stabbing being perhaps the most frequent. The sale and hiding of stolen goods, brigandage in mountainous, and cattle-stealing in agricultural, districts take place under its protection; and its members are said to be bound by the most horrible oaths.

The increase of the Mala Vita seems to be shown by the recent raid in the province of Puglia, leading to the trial of no less than one hundred and seventy-nine prisoners at Bari, where rumors of the existence of such an association began to spread in 1884, there having been committed a number of crimes which bore a great resemblance to each other. The chief of police set to work, and nearly the above-named number of suspected persons were arrested, but it was found that the very persons who denounced them had themselves committed similar crimes, so they were arrested, too. The chief newspaper editor in Bari does not believe that all these malefactors were banded together; but that is the belief of the police. At any rate, some of the prisoners are accused of stabbing an English captain, who reproved them for laziness while they were unloading his ship.

It is difficult to ascertain the truth about the Mafia, Camorra, or Mala Vita, for witnesses called to support accusations are often paralyzed by a threat written on the walls of the houses: "He who is silent will be rewarded; he who speaks will be killed." So not only members of the association are silent, but even honest men

are silent, too, unless they are more than usually courageous.

The antidote to the Mafia, Camorra, and Mala Vita is penal servitude; and it is a fact that since sentences have become milder, the conditions have not improved, but, on the contrary, the criminal classes have become more audacious. It is seldom that an arrest can be made without resistance on the part of the arrested, and policemen and carabinieri are not only subjected to kicks, blows, and bites, but are not seldom shot or stabbed.

The new chief of police at Naples has lately been very active in denouncing criminals, and it is some time since a crime of any magnitude in Naples has been attributed to the Camorra or Mafia; but there are innumerable cases of stabbing, the causes of which are not evident. One case quite lately was found really to be the result of a quarrel between Camorristi who were dividing the profits they had claimed from a gambling-house. It happens very often in Naples that when a person has been found wounded he says he did not recognize his assailant, but the fact is that he dare not name him, for fear of incurring further vengeance.

The vast emigration going on from Italy is a proof that there is a great amount of distress in the country, and there is no doubt that as the misery of the people increases, the Camorra revives again, and intimidation is practised in all sorts of ways. But the more old industries are developed and new ones introduced, the more prisons are improved, and the prisoners kept to real and remunerative work, the more bold and strict surveillance is practised by the police, the more will the Mafia and Camorra, in all their branches, decline, and, we may hope, finally disappear. But that time is not yet. The serpent is scotched but not killed; it still creeps about, nourishing itself on the vile of every rank, and ready at every favorable opportunity to dart its fangs into society. Its destruction is a matter of civilization, and, as a fact, the south Italian people, among whom it thrives best, are, in many ways, extremely uncivilized. I must, however, add that the evil, here as elsewhere, hides itself from the general view, and perhaps, even, has a less brutal form than what we see among the criminal class in London or New York. The Italian people are violent and passionate, but not brutal. I have never read of a case of wife-kicking, or slow murder by poison, coming before the courts. If we have no Camorra, Mafia, or Mala Vita in England and Amer-

ica, we have quite enough cheating in trade, which equally preys on the poorer classes; we have the horrible "sweating," and plenty of dishonesty in very high places. So let us take the beam out of our own eyes before we grumble at the motes in those of others.

L. WOLFFSOHN.

Naples, April, 1891.

From Temple Bar.

"LA BELLA."

AN INCIDENT OF THE FENCING FLOOR.

BY EGERTON CASTLE, AUTHOR OF "CONSEQUENCES."

#### PART I.

I HAVE always looked upon the teaching of the noble science of fence as a profession which the most fastidious might, under stress of necessity, take up without fear of "derogating;" precedent — where such justification required — would not be found lacking; names of high standing shine in goodly constellations through its venerable annals. The Pallavicini, of Palermo; those magnificent Castilians, Narvaez and Mendoza; Saint-Didier, the royally favored gentilhomme Provençal; Saint Ange, admired of the Versailles court; all men of undoubted blood, thought it no disgrace to turn their skill at the use of the loyal steel to profitable account. The Chevalier de Fréville on the Neva, the diplomatically enigmatical d'Eon in his Soho rooms, strove openly, in later days, to swell a flat purse and maintain an ancient name, by imparting to others their special knowledge of the gentle subtleties of carte and tierce. Our own great apostle of more sturdy swordsmanship, Sir W. Hope, of Balcomie, might well, one would think, have welcomed such a reverse of fortune as, half a century after his time, caused that acknowledged model of gentlemanly refinement, Malevolti Tremamondo, to take rank as the peerless master of fence known to the world by the name of Angelo.

Ever of a habit of mind that clings to old traditions, it was with something of pleasurable excitement that — now, alas, more years ago than I quite care to specify — I discovered in a certain Tuscan city, which had already delighted me by the placid, old-world atmosphere it had preserved in the middle of this flurried century, a modern instance of the blue-blooded "Maestro."

A journey to Italy was in those days



considered indispensable to an artist's education. Homeward bound, after the conventional year, in glorious autumn weather, I was caught and retained by the charm of the ancient town in question, and being young, as I have hinted, impressionable, and my own master, resolved forthwith to fix there my penates for the coming winter.

Delicious, sunny, lazy place it was — no doubt is still, but I have never seen it since — sitting contentedly on the banks of a yellow river which, at sunset, ran with purple and gold; encompassed by crumbling ramparts of fascinatingly obsolete trace, with bastions heart-shaped between their retired flanks, and an occasional overhanging "pepper-box" turret; full of sombre, winding streets, as well as of sunlit quays and piazzas; and possessing (for the initiated), within elm and vine-planted courtyards, wine cellars, lofty, pillared, and cross-lighted — a species of back-ground especially suited to the "Cavalier" genre I then affected — where a well-favored maid in picturesque multi-colored attire, could give artistic flavor to the meagre wine she poured from some huge-bellied, straw-covered fiaschone.

I secured before long, through the help of a travelling acquaintance, an old artist, by name Calarone, a set of rooms, studio and bedchamber — ideal from my point of view — at the top of a once magnificent, now weirdly dilapidated, palace in the heart of the town. And as fencing was one of my crazes, there only needed the discovery that my landlords devoted themselves to leading the Tuscan youth through the mysteries of the white weapon in the very room beneath that where I proposed to woo the muse of limners (if there be not such an one, there should I) to complete my satisfaction in my new quarters. Thus I came to be the tenant and pupil in arms of Ettore and Carlo dei Lugani, counts of a most ancient patent, with a prodigious pedigree said to be quite unimpeachable — but apparently without any other worldly inheritance than the decrepid Palazzo in question — and now renowned masters of fence in the same old historic city that had known the splendors of their predecessors.

From the very first, I felt a special interest in the goodly pair, and the character of their life struck me as being at once the oddest, quaintest, and withal touching, I have ever known.

The morning after my installation, as I ran down the vast, echoing stairs from my lofty perch under the eaves of the wide

roof, I halted one moment at the open door of the fencing-room to seek a glimpse of the young man whose acquaintance I had made the previous afternoon over a foil bout, and whose handsome, melancholy countenance, in curious contrast with a most unaffected and attractive cheerfulness of manner, had haunted me through the watches of the night.

A monotonous sweeping sound which had been noticeable ceased as I looked in. There was my noble professor of yesterday, no longer attired in neat, close-fitting white canvas, and picturesque black belt and gauntlets, no longer grasping with practised grace the pliant foil, but, aproned and bare-armed (what a muscular arm it was!) wielding with equal mastery and blitheness a very business-like broom.

I was about to retire, fearful of having committed an indiscretion, when he hailed me in his gay voice: —

"Good-day, my dear scholar, a lovely morning! On your way to breakfast, I suppose? I recommend *Café Pisano*. *We* have had our morning crust, and been busy these three hours" — by a slight glance over his shoulder, indicating a heap of freshly mended and refurbished fencing implements, which testified indeed to recent work with hammer, file, and sandcloth.

Infected by his simple friendliness, I was about to respond with cordiality, when the sound of footsteps from the inner room attracted my attention. I looked round to see, with something of a start, what appeared to be the very double of the man before me, but clad, with almost foppish nicety, in all the ceremony of the Italian fashion of those days — black coat, light trousers and gloves, highly polished boots; all of a curiously exact fit. The sweeper, following the direction of my eyes, exclaimed with a flashing smile: —

"'Tis thou, Frattuccio!" — and his accent was tender as a caress. Then, with a Grandisonian wave of the arm free of the broom: —

"May I be allowed," he said, turning to me, "to introduce Count Ettore Lugani — my elder brother? Frattuccio, this is the English gentleman, our new pupil and lodger."

Bowing gravely over the silk hat, to the shiny perfection of which he was slowly giving a final gloss, the new-comer turned upon me a pair of eyes as luminous and beautiful as his brother's and as full of unconscious melancholy.

"I am looking forward," he said, with the pretty, old-fashioned courtesy that had captivated my fastidious fancy in the

younger, "to the pleasure, which it seems was my brother's yesterday, of some converse with you over foils and sabres. Shall it be this evening?"

He bowed again, exchanged another look of comfortable affection with his brother, and with springy step sallied forth to his daily work.

Charmed by their original type, that of the Cisalpine Gaul, striking in its refined, blond, grey-eyed beauty amid the swarthy Etruscan faces around, I lost no time in transmitting to canvas several sketches of my landlords' heads. This and nearer acquaintance, showed me more difference between them than I had at first conceived. They were not, after all, more like than many a brother pair, and I soon ceased to take Ettore's paler, sharper, bolder features, for Carlo's dreamy and still almost boyishly smooth face. But, from a distance, it was impossible to tell one from the other; their slender figures, the graceful vigor of which gave such complete satisfaction to my artist's senses, were cast in the selfsame mould, and as to height and breadth they tallied to a fraction. And thereby hangs a detail.

Once fairly established as a denizen of the town, I naturally came to frequent the same little social nucleus, and haunt the same meeting places as my hosts, and often met one or the other of the young Luganis out of doors, bent on a professional or friendly visit, or strolling, cigarette in mouth, down the Corso of an evening; or yet, under pretext of some very modest refreshment, putting in an appearance at the Military Café, where his reception by the pelisséd officers of Dragoons or Bersaglieri was as a rule equivalent to a small ovation.

Nevertheless, though scarce a day would pass but I saw either Carlo or Ettore about the town, it gradually dawned upon me that they were never seen together, save in their own house.

By and by this peculiarity, which seemed accepted by all their friends — among whom the brothers seemed to be strictly interchangeable — began to puzzle me considerably, as strange in the face of the perfect harmony subsisting between them. One day, up in my studio, I tentatively ventured a comment upon it to the veteran Calarone.

The latter stared at me; then his white beard began to wag with his jovial, subterranean laugh.

"Do you really not know the reason? Why, 'tis as the secret of the comedy here. It stands thus, my young friend — I may

as well tell you, lest you put them to the blush by some blundering question. But one set of those exquisite clothes, which you have no doubt admired upon their athletic backs, but one tall hat, one fur-lined cloak, nay, for aught I can say, one pair of superfine boots, can all the vigor of their good right arms raise throughout a long year of assaults and lessons. Lucky for the boys they are of a size! And so the Luganis contrive to keep up that appearance they consider requisite, by a little mutual accommodation. Do you feel inclined to drop your friends now that you know that they have only one coat between them. Your English notions of respectability —"

"I" — I broke in, stammering in my eagerness, "I would but that I had it in my power to show what I think — I, who have more money than I know how to spend —"

"Only do not offer them any of this superfluous gold," rejoined the old man dryly. "The sole way to reach these proud boys is to take their lessons. They owe no man a farthing and will be beholden to none — though at times I have no doubt of it, they have to go through the day's work upon little better than a crust of bread."

And, as I exclaimed in horror, the old artist, withdrawing his dreamy gaze from the distant vista of Apennine crags, misty blue, with crests of living gold, of which my studio boasted a glorious prospect, looked quickly at me.

"Do you esteem them so worthy of pity?" he said. "They would not thank you for the thought. They are accustomed to be honored for their bravely borne poverty, their hard-won independence — not condoled with. It is wonderful though," he continued musingly, "what a taste for sword-play seems to have arisen in this old town of ours since that rascally lawsuit — 'tis five years gone now — which robbed them of their farms and fields and vineyards. They lay yonder," pointing to the eastern hills, the snowy peaks of which were already hanging out crimson signals to the early sunset. "I myself am fain to submit at times to the tortures to which they put my dry old sinews and rusty hinges."

It may readily be imagined that my enthusiasm for the patrician bread-winners showed no sign of decline after these revelations. I sought by every means to improve our friendship, and presently it came to be an established thing that twice or three times a month a merry little party

should meet in my studio, after hours, when not only had I the pleasure of the Lughanis' presence, but likewise the hidden satisfaction of watching their guileless enjoyment of my carefully prepared suppers, and hearing their innocent comments thereon:—

"Per Bacco!—you Englishmen know how to feed. We should soon grow too fat for work at this rate, eh, Frattuccio?"

And it would sting me with a keener pang than might tokens of deeper troubles, to notice how, on the days which followed these invigorating little feasts, the brothers surpassed themselves on their fencing-floor, their dash and nimbleness drawing unwonted cries of admiration from the most critical onlookers.

"Oho! Count Ettore is positively tremendous to-day—what a grip—what a wrist! Saw you that lightning cut? Friend Carlo, thou hast surely made a compact with the devil—thou art superhuman—Hep-la! Bravo!"

Or again, knowing their pitiful yet almost ludicrous reasons, to overhear between them such debates as this:—

"Carino, I wish to go out at noon, will this suit thee?"

"Canst thou not stop in to-day? I, myself, had thought of going to make a call."

And I marvelled at the sweetness with which they would yield one to the other and further each other's desires; the unaffected enjoyment they would take in any small pleasure that came in their path; the unvarying serenity of their content through the penury and laboriousness of their daily lives; marvelled to see how they would quaff with fullest zest of my choice flagons yet could rise smiling from their own water-washed meal; how, of an evening, they would troll a merry song and strum a cavatina on my piano with hands of white refinement which the morning's menial work never seemed to harden or discolor.

It was towards the middle of the winter that, having these two youths so constantly in my thoughts and before my eyes, I not unnaturally came to nurse the idea of embodying them in the great work which, with the usual sanguine hope of the budding artist, I intended should become the foundation of my renown.

I soon decided to perpetuate them in one of those attitudes, typical of cultured vigor, wherein their wiry frames had so often delighted my eyes in the school.

I have said I affected "cavalier" subjects. The masters, in suitable attire—

Ettore with a peaked beard for the sake of disguise and differentiation—were to be shown engaged in furious combat beneath a window, wherefrom still dangled a tell-tale silk ladder; while, leaning over a balcony, in excess of anguish and with hair dishevelled, I intended to portray in wondrous beauty, the inevitable *she* of the situation, her face illumined by the cold light of dawn.

The Lughanis good-humoredly fell in with my plans, and I had already sketched a satisfactory arrangement of limbs and blades upon my canvas before I could find a feminine model at all approaching my glowing ideal for the third figure. But one evening, at a certain rich merchant's house where the young aristocrats—all fencing masters though they were—would not have condescended to appear, I marked a face and form, the opulent beauty of which not only came up to, but actually eclipsed the ambition of the protean images floating in my mind. I lost no time in having myself introduced to their owner, my facile, amorous fancy ensnared at first sight and my artistic enthusiasm fairly aflame.

She was a young widow who, after promptly burying a rich old husband, and but just emerged from the tediousness of the necessary mourning, was newly settled in the town, and, as rumor satirically whispered, nothing loth to look about her for a handsome young one. She was quite determined at any rate to make the most of her youth and emancipation. I could not have fallen more fortunately for my suddenly conceived plans.

It does not belong to my story to narrate the progress of my intimacy with the Signora Catalani. Suffice it to say, that my warm advances were received with gracious placidity by the lady, and, on the occasion of my fourth visit, an audacious request that she should come and sit for the terrified female in my picture was acceded to with actual alacrity. This confidence in my discretion, which I may casually remark seemed to be shared by our mutual friends, was due, no doubt, to the curious notion prevalent in foreign, especially in southern countries, that "there is no harm in an Englishman;" a notion, by the way, which to a more mature and cultured understanding is nothing if not complimentary, but which occasionally proves somewhat galling to youthful self-esteem.

Be it as it may, however, on the memorable sun-lit forenoon when I first received the beauteous, ox-eyed dame into my stu-

dio, I was little disposed to grumble. Though, indeed, had I had to do with a less exquisite piece of fleshly perfection—I use the somewhat gross definition advisedly—I might have found cause to regret the choice of model I had made. But what man of twenty-four could find it in him to cavil at giggles or silly remarks when they dropped from lips of so gorgeous a crimson, of so bewitching a curve; to complain of childish restlessness, even of an apparently complete inability to understand the simplest directions, when these inconveniences involved the arrangement and re-arrangement of rounded arms and taper hands, the placing of a well-shod foot—hers was upon my word the nattiest I ever knew in the land—nay, once or twice, necessitated the laying of a finger upon a satin chin, or on a peach-textured cheek, the carmine and olive of which lay in such exquisite contrast beneath an indescribable amber glow, rarely seen outside a canvas of Murillo or Titian. And when I had, after all, nearly lost patience in endeavoring to convey to the something within that classically small head which answered for brains, that it was for no other reason than a purely artistic one that I wished her to let down her massive plaits, the vision of those glorious, dense yet brilliant waves that fell to her knee in well-nigh fabulous luxuriance was one which fairly took my breath away. At length I established her in an attitude which, while suited to my notion, was yet sufficiently comfortable to legitimize a hope that it might endure for a few minutes. And, having occupied her with a box of chocolates, my hand trembling with eagerness, I fell to tracing the warm, firm outline upon a blank canvas prior to introducing it into the larger expanse already adorned by my contending champions.

As the lines grew under my touch, seeming to my exalted fancy to take color and substance already, there forced itself on my absorbed attention the sound of a knock at my door, which next opened to admit the pale, oval faces, the crisp, blond heads of the Luganis, looking in upon me with twin smiles, one over the other's shoulder.

"We have a spare half hour, and we remembered our promise, you see," said Ettore. And Carlo added:—

"Now, amico, you can get on with those four legs of ours which you are so anxious to immortalize."

Even as, rather embarrassed, I rose to make known the presence of my fair visitor, I saw the two sets of grey eyes shift-

ing the unconscious sadness of their gaze about my room, suddenly flash with the same eager surprise, rapidly followed by the same fixity of marvelling admiration. Then from her rest detached herself the Catalani, her countenance suffused with conscious carmine, the flowing white draperies I had arranged about her falling away from the creaseless fit of her black silk dress as she hurriedly wound the wavy tresses into one great shining rope around her head.

The brothers bowed with their profound and ceremonious courtesy as I performed the necessary introduction. The widow measured them with the velvet of her glance, and simpered acknowledgment; and presently, after a few minutes' general conversation, I found myself, a little to my amusement, a good deal to my chagrin, gently shifted to a quite secondary position on my own ground, while my handsome landlords, one on either side of my fair model, showed her the curios of my studio, explained in rippling, limpid cascades of words such as can only escape from Italian lips, the plan of my picture, the nature of the paraphernalia I had collected for the purpose, and finally escorted her down-stairs, and placed her in her cosy, open carriage. I stood under the porch unheeded; Ettore folded a silk rug across her knees; while Carlo, retaining, as if unconsciously, the grasp of her soft hand, transmitted her directions to the coachman.

We all three returned to the studio in silence; I, to tell the truth, too sulky to feel disposed to talk; and the brothers, as they threw themselves obligingly into whatever position I indicated, unusually meditative, and I thought—though that may have been my fancy—avoiding each other's glance.

The next meeting took place again in my studio, this time by pre-arrangement; indeed, it was at one of those informal early supper-parties I have already adverted to. I had got over my ill-humor; my admiration for the fascinating widow, being, after all, of a more æsthetic than passionate nature, and not to be compared to the affection which I had come to entertain for my young masters, or to the absorbing importance of my picture. As far as I recollect, I was actually disposed to be rather jocular about the apparently irresistible attraction of my various models for one another. She, as I have said, was not over-wise, and, after a glass or two of a certain treacherous sparkling wine—affected, too, no doubt, by the ar-

dor she described in those two pairs of deep, grey eyes — she grew very merry, and towards the end of the meal mockingly addressed Ettore: —

"Why, count, you have grown altogether pensive! What shall we do to cheer you? Shall I drink to your *amours*? That is what you are thinking of so deeply, of course?" — with a glance of coquetry so open that it would have seemed brazen in one less beautiful. "Here is to you — may you have success!"

"And will you then not drink to mine?" put in Carlo, with a forced laugh.

"With all my heart," she cried, and extended her glass for me to refill. "I will make no jealousies between brothers. Here is good fortune to you too!"

Before she had emptied her beaker, I saw a flaming look pass between the Luganis, and a sudden misgiving thrust itself into my heart.

After that, on the days when my sitter came — and she was generous to prodigality of her visits now — the brothers were generally both at home, and one or the other would be, as if accidentally, coming down-stairs even as she came up, or yet on the doorstep as she went out, or they would seek my studio either alone or together. They took the most engrossing interest in my picture, but, strangely enough, invariably happened to call to see what progress I had made on those occasions when my model was with me. And if, by rate chance, neither of them had been visible during the whole proceedings, the painter was pretty sure to be reminded of the omission by the marked pettishness of his model, and suffered not a little at such times from the ingenious badness of her posing.

Now, with this change in my friends' methodical habits had likewise come a significant alteration in their humor. I heard no more the sound of Ettore's light baritone as he busied himself in the early morning to set his fencing-gear to rights, or of Carlo's bird-like whistling, or the ring of their voices in jocular or affectionate interpellation to each other across the echoing rooms. Carlo's smooth face became more melancholy day by day, and Ettore's mature beauty took a cast of ever-deeper sternness.

Once I met the younger on the Corso doing escort service by the radiant widow. Calling at her house the next afternoon, I crossed the elder coming down the stairs. On each occasion, when I returned home the other brother's voice resounded in the fencing-room to the accompaniment of

clinking blades and the thud of lunging feet — earning the common bread.

Whispers were going through the little town. "Lugani is now the cavalier-in-waiting on the rich widow," was bruited on the piazza; and, as hitherto, the favorite pair had been interchangeable in their popularity, when it came to a matter of gallantry the position was one which would soon give rise to scandal.

One morning, as I came down for that private lesson, an extra course of which I had taken, though it did interfere with my time, for the sole reason that they gave me the right to pay their price into the brothers' penurious exchequer, I halted outside the door on hearing the well-known voices for the first time raised in ringing bitterness.

"No," said one, "I shall go out to-day. I submitted two days —"

"And what if I say no?" interrupted the other haughtily. "Am I the elder or not? Who is master here if I decide?"

Then came a cry of helpless anger from Carlo: "Ah, cursed poverty!" and the boards resounded to the stamp of his broad-soled shoe. I turned and fled softly up-stairs, in too deep distress over the fatal discord that had risen between the brothers, to be struck by the ludicrous side of a dispute as to who should wear the family suit of clothes.

Matters stood thus between them when I received a letter summoning me in hot haste back to England. Never came summons at more ill-timed moment. My whole heart was wrapt up in my new friends. I was, as all who loved them truly, in serious anxiety about them, and could not bear to leave them at such a critical moment; besides this, my picture waxed in fairer promise every day. These were cogent reasons, indeed, to bind me to my old Palazzo; yet go I must, my presence at home was imperatively required. With a very gloomy face I broke the news of my departure to Ettore that afternoon, and was not at all taken in as to the principal reason of the dismay which spread over his countenance. When I was gone, no more would the Catalani's arched foot come tripping it up the Palazzo stairs, no more would her lustrous eyes illumine the bare studio, her young presence warm the mournful air of the ancient house.

"I said consolingly: 'I shall return as quickly as possible; in a month, three weeks — who knows, a fortnight. Meanwhile, the sooner I go, the sooner I shall be back. Perhaps I had better start to-morrow.'"



"To-morrow!" echoed Ettore, with dropped jaw. "Oh, no, dear friend, surely that is very precipitate — your great picture will suffer from this hurry, and then — ay!" catching at the bright idea, with a childish change of expression, "you had forgotten it. Our solemn public assault, next Thursday evening — we cannot let you go before the assault, you know, you promised to assist us."

I had forgotten it, and seized upon the pretext quite as greedily as he; no doubt, too, my picture would be the better for a few more days' hard work. There were four before Thursday. A good deal could happen in four days; perhaps I might see my dear friends in better mood before I left; be of use myself — who knows?

I calculated the outside limits of the delay I might allow myself, and finally despatched a letter announcing my departure on the Friday.

But the allotted time went by only to bring a darker look upon the brothers' faces, a deeper gloom to the old palace. The witching widow came daily. She too had manifested disapproval, not to say indignation, at my change of plans; and, to increase her displeasure, neither Ettore nor Carlo now presented themselves as usual to mark progress in my studio, or on the stairs, to snatch a few words with her as she passed up and down.

This strange behavior struck me, though in a different manner, quite as unpleasantly as it did her. There had always been a certain reserve about the brothers, a peculiar, dignified, self-isolation which, for all our intimacy, kept me from venturing to touch upon personal topics; in their present high-strung state it would have required a bolder man than I to question them on the delicate subject of their mutual relations. I was, therefore, left to form my own conclusions, and their new departure, in face of Ettore's open attempt to delay my journey, seemed to me to bode ill.

On the fourth day both posing and painting became the merest farce. As my own eyes were chiefly intent on the door, my ears strained to catch the sound of steps that never came, I could not in decency rebuke my model for her ceaseless and pettish restlessness. At length, breaking a pause of sullen silence, she rose and crossed from her established seat to fix a discontented and absent eye upon my canvas.

"It is good you will not want me any more," she said, yawning, "for really you become duller every day up here."

I murmured a conventional protest, but, unheeding, she proceeded: —

"What has become of my champions? why have they ceased to come?"

"I think you can best answer that question yourself," I said, wheeling round, not sorry to vent a little of the irritation accumulated within me against her. "What have you done to those unhappy boys who were so united, so cheerful —"

"I!" she cried, flushing. "What drivels is this? Is it my fault that they should behave thus foolishly?"

"It is not *their* fault if they have both fallen madly in love with you," I said severely.

Though I never was further removed from wishing to gratify her than at that moment, her rapacious vanity interpreted my words in a complimentary sense and an involuntary smile crept on her face, softening her angry eyes.

"Do you not see," I went on, warming to my subject, "do you not see that things cannot continue as they stand now? It is not your wish, surely, to have these fine fellows ready to cut each other's throats for your sake! Will you never put them out of their misery, one way or another?"

She came over to me and darted an eager look at my face.

"I wish I could!" she said crudely.

"You wish you could? You are talking nonsense," exclaimed I; "you cannot marry both; you must make a choice — you must have some preference; they are both at your mercy. For God's sake do not trifle with the poor fellows!"

"But what can I do?" Tears flashed into her eyes, she stamped her foot with sudden passion. "Could *you* say which you like best, Ettore or Carlo, Carlo or Ettore? Are they not both handsome as young gods, both charming, both lovable? If neither will speak, if neither will retire in favor of the other, how can I choose between them? You talk to me of preference; my preference shall be for him who first comes forward."

Then with an abrupt change of mood, and smiling gaily upon me through her wet lashes: —

"Shall I not make a pretty contessa?" she asked.

Groaning in spirit at the frivolity of the creature who held the fate of my friends in her foolish hands, I sternly waived the irrelevancy.

"How could either have spoken," I demanded, "since you have so deliberately favored both alike? It is your own doing if the brothers are now placed in so hide-

ous a dilemma; and matters have gone so far — I can see no way out of it."

Her face grew dark again. With the unreasoning anger of a thwarted child: —

"Luckily," answered she, pointedly insolent, "nothing hangs by your opinion."

"Unless, indeed," I proceeded, outwardly unruffled, although within, it must be owned, the description would not apply, "you had the generosity to go away — since they cannot."

After staring at me for a moment in speechless surprise, the beauteous Isabella gave a hard, short laugh.

"Booby!" quoth she, with emphatic scorn. "No, that is a little too transparent, even for you! No doubt *you* think you could manage to come after me, since they cannot, as you say. Tatatatata!" bearing down my furious disclaimer with renewed light-heartedness and cheerfully reaching for bonnet and mantle. "A pretty dodge, caro, very, but I shall think of something better myself. Your arm, Signor Jealous, to help me down your precipitous stairs."

I lent her the support demanded with what I fear was an ill grace. And, conversing at the top of her naturally high-pitched voice with very obvious intent, she progressed slowly down the first two flights. On the landing of the floor occupied by the brothers she paused, tittering. Then admonishing me to silence with an exaggerated gesture she tripped up to the door of the fencing-room, listened for the span of half a second, and observing that there was no sound within, that the masters must be out, forthwith commanded me to show her over the mysterious premises, which the presence of pupils, she said, had hitherto prevented her from inspecting.

Knowing by this time its uselessness, I forbore remonstrance. Indeed, considering that she had already turned the handle, I should have been left addressing space. But I did not share the surprise — well acted or genuine — with which she halted on the threshold to greet the vision of two figures, one black, the other white from head to foot, which silently emerged from different corners of the long room upon her entrance.

So this was the stage now reached by my poor friends in the course of their disease! With hearts raging at the constraint which kept them from their desire, they who had been so linked by generous affection spent the bitter hours watching like angry beasts to keep each other from the prey which could not belong to both. I shuddered at the thought. How long

can it last, I asked myself with an inward moan, and what can the solution be? And I found myself regretting, with that cowardly shrinking from the sight of pain that most of us know in our egotism, those few days' delay I had given myself to follow their melancholy fortunes.

As she entered they advanced hastily. But on their faces there was none of the lover's joy at the unexpected appearance of his mistress; nothing but dogged, bitter determination.

She stretched out both hands with her cursed impartial coquetry, and as each took and kissed the proffered fingers, their eyes turned again to meet in that look, which by this time, alas, was nothing new to me, a look of defiance, eager and unflinching as their own sword blades in opposition.

She was very playful, and lavished bantering reproaches on what she termed their late lack of gallantry, and poutingly protested that, in truth, they did not deserve the honor of her presence at their function on the morrow. The brothers' gravity remained unshaken; nor could their fair visitant's most bewitching smile evoke more than the palest response.

In these various humors we made a tour round the room, during which, no doubt to give color to her intemperate appearance, she expressed voluble interest in her novel surroundings; the long array of practice and other weapons glinting at intervals on the walls through the melancholy twilight; the gallery of cartouches and escutcheons — painted, as I knew, and with great heraldic taste, by the younger in honor of sundry of his pupils — the trophies of old arms, the blackened paraphernalia of by-gone state, stern family portraits saved from the wreck of the house's fortunes and now gathered in this sole remaining reception-room to lend their countenance to the strange profession of the last of the Lughanis, — all these things called forth well-meant if indiscriminate terms of admiration. I, nevertheless, thought to divine in the misleading profundity of her wandering gaze, dreams of gilded Viennese furniture of gaudy, brand new upholstery for the not far distant future.

But the chill influence of the young men's unnatural relations, which had fallen on me, as it now always did, from the instant I entered their presence, at length began to affect her. She grew pensive. The ring of her voice, which had, almost unaccompanied, awakened the echoes of the vast room, presently ceased. There came an oppressive pause.

Then, with a reproachful rustling of silk through the silence, she moved towards the door.

"I must go," she said, sighing deeply, yet as I fancied unconsciously. "Addio, or shall I say, a riverdecì? Come, you see I am a good child, and bear no malice. Till to-morrow?"

The young men made a simultaneous, impulsive movement forward, then halted abruptly, checked by some invincible mutual reaction, and stood on either side of the door bowing in silent, stiff farewell. Petulantly, with a shrug of her shoulders she passed out, ignoring, as she pattered with rapping heels down the great stone steps, the arm I hastened to proffer.

Not until she was seated in her carriage did she deign to turn her clouded face on me.

"You are right," said she, and nodded, protruding her underlip with determined emphasis, "this cannot go on. I will devise something." A promise which, despite my advice of that very day, caused me much subtle uneasiness, for I had good reason to doubt the trustworthiness of either the head or heart of her.

"No doubt," I thought, as I clambered back to my solitary quarters, "she means to precipitate the crisis on the next meeting." And my fears and misgivings growing ever sorer as the hours went by, I looked forward to the forthcoming *fête* with heavy spirits, and was again moved to disregard, for the nearer anxiety, a second summons from home which arrived that night and urged me not to lose a day in starting.

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From The Speaker.

#### THE MAFIA IN SICILY.

OF all the secret societies which have had a being in Italy in recent years, the Mafia has been the worst. Its ramifications were numerous and intricate, its members belonged to every class in Sicily, its influence was felt in every operation of civil life, and by its interference in politics and its encouragement of crime, it so hampered the administration of the law, and so openly defied it, that the government of Italy was obliged at last to combat it by the most extreme measures permissible by the constitution. These measures were both repressive and coercive; and so peremptorily were they carried out, that at length the members of the Mafia, seeing that they could no longer stand out against

them with any chance of success, either left the island voluntarily, or were forced to do so by deportation or expulsion. It was then that they for the most part migrated to the United States, where, finding in New Orleans a climate like that of their native land, they elected to stay, and immediately began to reconstruct with the remnants of their body that baleful combination of malefactors and assassins which for so many years had been the pest of Sicily, and which until a short time since was the plague of New Orleans.

Unlike the Camorra of Naples, the Mafia was not, strictly speaking, a secret society. There were no mysterious rites connected with the ceremony of introduction into the body; it had no determinate rules, no recognized head. It was, in fact, a criminal republic which despised the laws and obliged its citizens, on the severest pains and penalties, never to have recourse to them; for it maintained that a man himself could by some means or other avenge an injury of any kind soever. This belief was fostered during years of oppression under a series of governments whose rulers so abused their power and so perverted the laws that the people combined amongst themselves not only never to seek the interference of the judiciary, but actually to oppose its administration. It is therefore plain that the Mafia first was created to render as ineffectual as possible the abuses of a bad government, and to help the people in their struggle against the oppression and cruelty and the violence of the governors and viceroys who from time to time held delegated power in Sicily.

Until the subversion of the power of the Bourbons there was, with the exception of the terrors of brigandage and assassination, some excuse for the action of the Mafia. The poorer members of it were defended in some degree from the rapacity of the minions of the government by their wealthier associates. And although the Mafia sometimes were at enmity amongst themselves, and carried their internecine strife to great lengths, they always combined when any member was menaced by danger from outside. In the perpetual war which this body carried on against law and social order, there seems to have been a weird charm which, while urging them to perpetrate crimes of the most heinous sort amongst themselves, bound them together by the bonds of common interest. The same sentiment holds them together now, and has influenced their recent action in the United States.

As we have said, the Mafia had and has

members in every class of society in Sicily — amongst the nobility and wealthier landed proprietors as well as amongst the petty farmers and the peasantry. The former are the protectors, the latter the protected. In many ways there is between the patron and the client a quality of dependent relationship similar to that which existed in the feudal times. But it must be noted, that if the client in any way offend his patron he is punished by no lenient code; for in such a case revolt or insult almost always means death for the poor Mafioso, while the more powerful ones have immunity for their offences. Even by the various governments of Sicily up to 1877 the High Mafia has been shielded, it never having suited any administration or ministerial functionary to bring home to them crimes which it was common knowledge that they were either accessories to or responsible for. So great, even, was the political influence of these that they have frequently controlled the elections, Parliamentary and municipal, not only in the small towns and minor electoral districts, but also in Messina and Palermo.

Let us explain some of the principles which are supposed to guide or direct the action of the Mafia. Their code of honor, in which is contained their moral decalogue, is called *Omertà*, an expression which may be translated into English as *manliness*. It is derived from the word *omu*, which is Sicilian for *uomo*, "a man." In this expression is contained all that actuates the Mafia. It implies obedience only to a barbarous law, which they believe invests them with self-respect, and at the same time insists that it is the first duty of a man, if he be a man, to execute justice with his own hand, and not under any circumstances to have recourse to the laws of the country to redress a wrong or to repair or avenge an injury. The basis of this law, as well as that of the organization, was a self-reliant silence. To divulge a secret was a crime as great as it was to give evidence in a court of justice. If, however, there were in the knowledge of the judiciary important facts which incriminated certain of the Mafia, it was permissible for witnesses who were called to admit, if they could not help it, that they were cognizant of them, as long as the admission did not specifically incriminate a person. Hence the saying among them that *La testimonianza è buona finchè non fa male al prossimo* (To bear witness is good as long as it does no harm to your fellow-creature). But it must be borne in

mind that such testimony was not to be the truth, lest thereby some of the Mafia should be compromised, and the "intriguers" or "spies," as the police are generally regarded by the people, put on the track of the guilty. This doctrine was inculcated in the saying that "The truth is only told in the confessional." Indeed, all the teachings of the Mafia are to be found in the apothegms of the Sicilian peasantry, to whom proverbs of this kind are held of as sacred import as the Ten Commandments or the sacraments. Of these the following are a few examples:—

The gallows is for the poor and justice for the silly.

He who has money and friends can sneer at the law.

This last saying we have modified in translation, for, as is common amongst the populace, the expression of contempt is grosser and therefore better appeals to their understanding. Again, we have:—

Of that which does not concern you say neither good nor evil.

Prison, sickness, and misfortune prove the heart of friends.

Deprive him of life who takes from you the means of living.

An influential friend is of more value than a hundred ounces (£53) in the pocket.

These might be multiplied to a considerable extent; for in them are contained not only the germs of faith, but the whole religion of these criminals whose organization had undermined the religion of Christianity and become a dangerous opponent to the recognized ethics of civilization. These apothegms contain occult doctrines which have so insinuated themselves into the minds of the people that they cherish them more than they do the teachings of their priesthood, who have been always obliged to subvert the charitable counsels of the Church to the superstitious tenets of this uncontrollable sect.

The means which the Mafia adopted to carry out their nefarious designs were deceit and intimidation. These never failed to attain their ends, for the examples which the Mafiosi made of the recalcitrant were so terrible that the people preferred to suffer from their oppression and contribute to their maintenance and preservation rather than risk their lives in opposing a body which proved itself too strong for the hand of the law prior to 1877. In that year it was felt that the time had come when the Italian govern-

ment should assert its authority and suppress this gang of miscreants, who were making Italy appear contemptible in the eyes of Europe, and justifying the assertion of her enemies that she was unfit to keep her own house in order. Then it was that she, following the method she adopted in destroying the power of the Camorra, drove every suspected member of the Mafia out of Sicily, to the great joy of many who for one cause or another had affected to be in sympathy with it, while secretly they were combining with the law to accomplish its suppression.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### THE MADEIRA OF THE PACIFIC.

THERE is an interesting speck of volcanic land rising from the waters of the ocean a few days' sail from Sydney, which has been aptly termed "The Madeira of the Pacific;" and as it presents many features of interest, it may not be out of place to give a short description of it and of things pertaining to it.

Lord Howe Island, the official name of this "gem of the sea," distant and inaccessible as it may at first sight appear, is not really altogether out of the world, for it is but three or four hundred miles from Sydney, and of late has had regular communication with that city by means of the ketch *Mary Ogilvie*, which makes four voyages in the year between Sydney and Norfolk Island, calling at Lord Howe going and coming.

Lord Howe Island is situated about three hundred miles from Port Macquarie. It is some five hundred west of Norfolk Island, and is the most southern of the islands on the east coast of Australia. Its length is between six and seven miles "as the crow flies" (only there are no crows there), but is considerably longer if the curve of the land is followed; the average width is a mile, but is a great deal more in places.

The discovery of the island was made by Lieutenant Henry Ledgbird Ball on the 17th of February, 1788, during his passage from Port Jackson (Sydney) to Norfolk Island. Mr. Ball remained several days at the island; he gave it the title we know it by after the celebrated admiral, and also named the principal peaks, points, and ports around and upon it. He made a survey of the shore-line and of the adjacent islets and rocks, took soundings, and gave sailing directions for future guid-

ance. Most of the names given by Lieutenant Ball have been retained — namely, Mounts Ledgbird and Gower, Points Phillip and King — after the first governor and lieutenant-governor of New South Wales — Prince William Henry Bay, etc.

The appearance of the island as it is approached is remarkable. Two round-looking knobs are first seen, at a distance of from forty to fifty miles, like separate isles rising from the water. As one gets nearer, these appear to be joined together, and to have a long, flat stretch of ground attached to them, terminating in a lower mound. The general effect now is that of a camel crouching to receive its load. The two first-sighted prominences form the hind quarters of the animal, and the small hill at the farther end of the island his head; whilst a line of low rocks stretching across the bay seems to be the cord or string attaching the head to the rump; a slight rise about the middle of the island seems to be the saddle ready for loading. A closer approach reveals a singularly beautiful outline. The two rises which were first seen turn out to be a couple of bold headlands at the south end, and are known as Mounts Ledgbird and Gower, rising in great inaccessible cliffs nearly three thousand feet high sheer from the sea. The head of the camel turns out to be North Ridge, and the centre rise Mount Lookout. All these, with two subsidiary prominences known as North Hummock and Intermediate Hill, form the backbone, as it were, of the island. The general effect as one casts anchor at the moorings is exquisite. The deep red and grey volcanic rocks of Mounts Gower and Ledgbird are intersected here and there by great dykes of intrusive basalt running like twisting ladders from base to summit. The hills at the north end, although lower, are not less abrupt; but through them all, and indeed upon any point giving the least foothold, patches of bright green vegetation give variety and contrast to the darker stony mass. Between the hills, the undulating country is thickly wooded, breaking off into flats stretching to the sea, sometimes wooded to the water's edge, at others ending in lower cliffs; while here and there bright green swards terminate in sandy beaches, hardly ruffled by the gentle heave of the waves within the reef-bound lagoon.

The plan or form of the island is that of a crescent; "boomerang-shaped," Mr. H. T. Wilkinson appropriately terms it; nearly two-thirds of it on the concave side is protected by a fringing coral reef ex-



tending from Phillip Point to the foot of Mount Ledgebird. The North Peak rises precipitously in a rugged promontory some six hundred feet high, and round to the westward is a semi-isolated hill known as Mount Eliza. "It has all the appearance of a conical hill cut vertically in half," says Mr. Etheridge, while "Linnæus" says of it "that it resembles a divided cone with a peaked top." Along the sea-face are one or two water-washed caves.

A few ravines run from the higher lands to the sea; but the creeks are unimportant, as may be imagined from the small area of the island; fresh water, however, is abundant, and readily obtainable by shallow sinking.

There are some three thousand acres of land in the whole island, while two thousand of this would be capable of cultivation; but as a matter of fact, only a few hundred acres are in tilth. The principal crops are onions — the finest south of the line — bananas, sweet potatoes, and maize. It is indeed from the export to Sydney of onions that the inhabitants of the island chiefly obtain their living; but there are abundant opportunities of increasing their means of subsistence, for there is hardly a fruit, vegetable, or flower grown throughout the temperate or semi-tropical regions of the world which would not flourish upon it.

The island was only occasionally visited from its discovery until 1834. Now and then, a party of whalers would land and refresh themselves with the easily caught wild hens and indigenous fruits, or obtain from the lagoon boat-loads of the swarming fish; and sometimes would leave part of their crews there while they made short runs away. Some of these rambling visitors, indeed, performed acts which have left their marks on the island. They turned loose pigs and goats, and also, unfortunately, a lot of black domestic cats. All these animals thrived; but the cats became a source of great mischief, almost extinguishing the pretty and useful but very stupid wood-hen, as well as a curious bird like the guinea-fowl, and an elegant and gentle ground pigeon. The goats took to the mountains, and now afford excellent sport; and the pigs becoming masters of the thickets, prospered wonderfully, and are often killed of great size. Domestic pigeons and poultry were also turned loose, and became absolutely wild.

In the year 1834 a party of three New Zealand colonists, tempted by the accounts the whalers had given of this happy isle, determined to settle upon it. These

men were named Ashdown, Bishop, and Chapman. They had with them three Maori women and two Maori boys, and made the passage across in the whaling barque *Caroline*, of which Captain Blenkinsop was master. They cleared some of the ground near the beach, built themselves huts of palm-boughs, planted sweet potatoes, and lived comfortably by shooting and fishing. Shortly after this, it occurred to a Sydney merchant and iron-monger named Dawson that he might do well on the island; and accordingly he made arrangements to proceed there with a view to settling. He was accompanied by a certain Captain Poole, said to have been a military man; and these two bought out the original settlers, giving them three hundred and fifty pounds in all, of which sum Bishop and Chapman divided two hundred pounds, and, as he had made more extensive improvements, Ashdown took one hundred and fifty pounds. Poole remained on the island to represent his firm, and was joined by a Dr. Foulis, who had bought half his interest. Ashdown, Bishop, and Chapman and their families then left.

Things appear to have gone on smoothly enough, and there is but little recorded of the doings of the islanders until 1843. A little vessel owned by Dawson, named the *Rover's Bride*, traded between Sydney and the island; but matters did not progress, chiefly owing to the settlers' want of energy in clearing and planting good land; they preferred to use the light and open sandy patches near the shore, instead of taking to the richer volcanic land, covered with timber and loose stones, which yields at present such bountiful crops, but is expensive and troublesome to clear and render fit for the plough. However, in the year last named an incident occurred which gives a picture of the half-barbarous, half-patriarchal manner in which the settlers dwelt and were governed, if government it may be called. At that time, Poole, who seems to have had the chief command of the islanders, had chained up to a tree a man named Moss. This unfortunate had escaped from a whaler which had put in for shelter; but he seems to have been of little use either aboard ship or ashore, and refused to do any work for his living; and to punish his idleness, Poole chained him up. One night, however, when the watch was asleep, Master Moss got free, and took to the bush. He subsisted for some time by stealing what he could, and on roots and birds; at the same time he managed to

intimate to the settlers that he was desperate, and would revenge himself by burning down their huts and the store on the first opportunity. His threats created quite a panic, and caused a better watch to be kept over the premises than had been over the prisoner, for day and night some one was on the alert, and the buildings were surrounded with casks filled with water, to put out any fire which he might cause by throwing a lighted stick on to the roofs.

Some time afterwards, however, the fellow was captured; and this time a set of orthodox stocks was made and he placed in them; but such a method of confinement was too severe, and after some days of it, Poole, fearing the man would become a permanent cripple, adopted a different mode of captivity, one, indeed, which permitted of some change in position, but was hardly less terrible than the stocks. Poole got a large cask, and absolutely headed him in it, cutting a small and convenient! (so says the record) trap door in one end to admit a small vessel. Either Moss must have been a very small man, or the cask an exceptionally large one, for it is reported that he could either stand or lie down, having but these two positions to exist in. How he lived is a mystery; but after a time he and his cask — whether he was in it or not is not stated — were brought to Sydney, and Poole was also summoned thither. The latter was charged with “the offence” — what offence the record does not reveal, but presumably an aggravated kind of assault, or false imprisonment — but, strange to say, the case was dismissed. Poole had, in fact, bought his enemy off, giving him ten pounds to stop the proceedings. This was not quite the end of it, for Moss made further demands on Poole; but was ultimately induced to leave the country upon receiving forty pounds more.

About the years 1846 and 1847, Dawson and his friends, finding the venture they had embarked upon not sufficiently remunerative, broke up their party. Most of the settlers returned to Sydney or New Zealand, and such as liked to remain worked on their own account independently. Subsequently, other arrivals, either by accident or design, augmented the population; but in 1869, at the time of an official visit of a police magistrate from Sydney, their numbers were but thirty-five, who were, with two exceptions, Europeans or Americans, the exceptions being South Sea Island women.

In 1882 a commission was appointed by the New South Wales government to in-

vestigate certain alleged improper conduct of some persons on the island; and the Hon. Bowie-Wilson, the chief commissioner, reported: “With the inhabitants generally I have been most agreeably impressed, intelligent beyond their class, most exemplary in their conduct, and, considering their isolated position and few inducements for exertion, fairly industrious.” At present, the island has sixty-one inhabitants; but as no land can be purchased from the crown, fresh settlers are not likely to arrive, and any increase in the number of these dwellers on the rocky isle must be from natural causes, and will — considering how few they are — be necessarily slow. The island is a portion of the territory of New South Wales, and has been proclaimed a strict reserve from sale or lease; but the titles of the people who had settled prior to 1882 to their holdings are respected. Hardly any government, in the strict sense of the word, is required; but the visiting magistrate who goes to and fro settles disputes and makes inquiry into the well-being of the islanders. There is a very well-conducted school under regulations of the New South Wales education department. The climate is exceptionally good. The thermometer never rises higher than eighty-two degrees Fahr. in summer, or falls below fifty-two in winter; but occasionally there are severe storms, which, however, do little damage, owing to the shelter the high hills give on the side opposed to the prevailing winds.

The vegetation is luxuriant and superb. It has been stated that “there are probably few islands of similar size possessing so rich and varied a flora as Howe Island — handsome banyan and other trees, shrubs, palms, pandanus, and dwarf-ferns growing everywhere in great abundance and luxuriance.” The tree, indeed, of the island is the banyan. Mr. Charles Moore, the government botanist of New South Wales, says: “The most remarkable plant, however, upon the island is a species of *Ficus*, and the only one of the genus found there. Along the whole extent of the flat and richest ground on the south-west side this noble tree grows in large numbers — very rarely in exposed situations — but marks distinctly an inner zone of vegetation, being protected on every side by belts of trees of various descriptions. It possesses to an extraordinary degree the branch-rooting characteristics of the famous banyan of India. From its high, wide-spreading branches adventitious roots are produced, which descend to the ground; then rapidly

enlarge, and become in the course of time huge stems, drawing nourishment from the earth for the support and increase of the parent branch, which, as it extends, produces similar root stems, the tree by this means covering a very large space of ground. In some instances the original stem had perished altogether, the branches becoming separate trees, each with numerous root stems, and forming by the whole a beautiful amphitheatre of considerable dimensions." There are four kinds of palms met with on the island.

It may be as well to mention here that the houses of the islanders are built of the stems of the palms, with two or three exceptions—where imported sawn timber and galvanized iron have been used—and are thatched on the roofs and walls with the leaves and fronds of the same plant. The thatching has a particularly neat and pleasing appearance.

Geologically, the island consists practically of two formations only, the volcanic rocks forming the general mass, and the stratified beds resting on them. The volcanic rocks occupy two-thirds of the island, comprising the great hills or mountains. The exposed sections as seen from the coast present a stratified appearance like rocks of sedimentary origin; "but a close inspection shows them to be made up of different horizontal beds of volcanic rock." These beds vary from fifteen to thirty feet in thickness. A variety of dykes and veins, a number of which are nearly vertical, run up the face of these magnificent cliffs. There are large masses of agglomerate rocks consisting of fragments of the volcanic series "resting upon a vesicular and somewhat scoriaceous rock full of crystals." The basalt was said to contain tin; but an exhaustive assay of many typical samples made in the Geological Laboratory in Sydney proved that this was not the case.

The loam which forms the alluvium is of rich character, "being of a dark, unctuous, loamy nature largely impregnated with humus." It varies in character, and assumes the aspect of calcareous sandy soil as it nears the coast; but generally it is extremely rich, and supports a most luxuriant vegetation. Decayed vegetable matter enters largely into its composition, which, combined with the volcanic products washed down from the hills, gives it almost the character of a hot manure-bed, upon which almost any kind of plant useful to man or good for food can be grown.

As to the fauna, a species of bat is the only example of lower mammalia cap-

tured. Mice, said to have been introduced from Norfolk Island, are now moderately common. During gales, the Australian species of seal has visited the shores. There are no snakes; but lizards are sparsely represented by the *Lacertilia*. Turtles now only occasionally frequent the island, although in former times they abounded. The birds are numerous, and generally very tame, so much so that naturalists have found it difficult to get far enough away from some kinds to shoot them without blowing them to pieces! The sea-fowl are numerous, and lay vast quantities of eggs in the islets about the lagoon.

Fish are to be caught with the line in numbers, and generally resemble those of the Australian coast. Some thirty-five genera and nearly forty species have been named. Of these, the rock cod is common, and grows to a large size. There are also garfish, a species of herring, and some mullet. It is interesting to notice the occurrence of the common Australian eel, individuals of which have been caught up to six or seven pounds in weight.

Enough has now been written to prove how interesting, from every point of view, is our little "gem of the sea;" and to those who have the means and time to embrace the Australian colonies in their globe-trotting rambles, let nothing persuade them to leave these regions without first visiting "The Madeira of the Pacific."

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From The Spectator.

#### THE SECRET OF DELPHI.

THE millionaires of England and America have lost a great opportunity. They might have dug up Delphi, and they have let the French do it. The French government has apparently made an agreement with the Greek ministry under which it is permitted to make a thorough investigation on the site of the temple of the oracle, and in the whole district round it, any objects found, or a proportion of them, being of course forwarded to Athens. The Chamber last week voted a credit of five hundred thousand francs (£20,000) for the furtherance of the enterprise, and it will consequently be attempted by a sufficient force of laborers, working in full security, without conditions as to time, and guided by men familiar with all that books and museums can teach them on the subject, men, too, among whom there

will be practical engineers, who would engage for an adequate remuneration to pulverize the very rocks upon which the temple stood. An investigation so conducted may lead to an important "find." The Temple of Delphi was plundered, no doubt, repeatedly, and by men who would leave little of value behind them, and one of them at least, the emperor Constantine, had no reverence for Apollo; but the object of the plunderers seems always to have been either gold and silver, or the artistic treasures which the reverence of centuries had collected within walls held by the tradition of ages to be inviolable to any foreign foe. There were surely other things in Delphi than vessels of gold and silver, statues or votive swords. The temple was the centre of a cult, an object of guardianship to a hereditary priesthood which endured for at least eight hundred years, and which was compelled during all that time, by the very conditions of its existence, to know more and think more deeply than the world around it. The most reasonable explanation of the long duration of faith in the oracle of Delphi is, that the messages it conveyed to its suppliants, and the counsel it gave them, were really the messages and the counsel of a higher civilization — of men, that is, much better informed, much more carefully trained to think, and much more disinterested than themselves. About the information there can hardly be a question. The priesthood of Delphi lived in the *carrefour* of the Greek world; they saw and conversed with men of all the countries they knew of; and they had the means of learning facts about personal character, the resources of States, and the general policy of each court or city, such as nowadays are open only to the ablest diplomatists when living in the most frequented of European capitals. They knew all that could be known; they were consulted by the comparatively ignorant; and they naturally could pronounce shrewd opinions, none the less impressive because custom permitted them to shroud them in the half-intelligible language affected in all ages by prophets, soothsayers, astrologers, and some of the greatest expounders of the law. That they thought more deeply than their contemporaries, follows from their position. They had to protect the reputation of their shrine for more than human wisdom; they had to gather the information of which we have spoken; and they had to ward off dulness from lives passed in a kind of seclusion, led probably from infancy to age in one place,

and occupied in studying, or appearing to study, a single subject. They belonged to the most intellectual race of that time, or perhaps of any time, and they were hereditary, — that is to say, they lived from birth to death in an atmosphere of transmitted culture, with objects of beauty or curiosity all around them, and amidst events which, whatever we moderns may think, must have contained for them some element of mystery and awe. As for the disinterestedness, it is a little harder to prove; but we take it that any body of men whose duty it is to think first of its own functions, would become, as regards the external world, intellectually disinterested, — that is, would judge men from a position apart. Kings do, and diplomatists do, and the priests of the Delphi oracle were the diplomatists of the whole Greek world. Doubtless they thought of their corporation first, but outside that, would they at heart care greatly who won or who lost, or misread the force of men or of races from sheer prejudice? They might give a prejudiced or even a paid-for answer, but internally they would be fairer than any of those who consulted them, and internal fairness goes a long way towards the balanced judgment which we call wisdom. It is nearly impossible that a hieratic body of that kind should not in that age have endeavored to keep up an esoteric knowledge, that it should not have preserved records of its own achievements at least, or that it should not have prepared secret chambers in which to protect its most valued treasures against a day of wrath. There was every facility for so doing, for the priesthood had unusual wealth, many dependents and slaves, and a long experience in excavating the limestone rock upon which the sacred structures stood. There must have been crypts in Delphi, probably many and extensive crypts, and it is quite possible that they may not all have been ravaged, and that French explorers, with dynamite and boring-machines at their disposal, may discover for the world a chamber full of records, possibly sacred writings, possibly even of narrative books about the political problems incessantly submitted to the interpreters of Apollo.

They will hardly find a still more interesting thing, — a clear exposition written by a priest of his idea of the oracle, and of the way in which it was worked. The French, it is said, intend to search with special care for the "secret of Delphi," the way in which the apparent ecstasy of the Pythoness was produced. We can

well believe it, for they are iconoclasts in the bone, and nothing would please them better than to find a whole arrangement of rock tubes clearly artificial, through which the priests could have transmitted orders to their trained actress, or have sent up the "intoxicating vapor" which, as the ancient world believed, produced the "possession" visible in the living figure on the tripod. Even if they do this, however, which is possible, though unlikely, they will have told us little about what we desire most to know—namely, what the priests thought about it all. "That mankind is very easily deceived," will be the answer of many readers, who have assumed from Eton days that the augurs laughed at one another; but that is rather a cockney explanation. We have not seen augurs, though augurs still exist; but we have seen astrologers at work, and the last impulse which possesses *them* is that of jocularly, sinister or otherwise. If there is one thing certain about the human mind, it is that men can believe, and believe strongly, that arrangements which they have effected themselves, and effected often from the most corrupt or sordid motives, are nevertheless overruled, and as it were mastered, by power wholly external to themselves. Half the Lamas who themselves choose the child to be the Dalai Lama, believe him a reincarnation, — at all events, are willing to die painful deaths for that apparently absurd faith. If history has any truth in it, kings and cardinals and ambassadors have intrigued and lied and menaced and bribed during a conclave to secure the election of their favorite nominee, and have all the while believed, sincerely believed we mean, that the candidate at last selected became pope through the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Why not, if "blindly the wicked work the righteous will of Heaven," and man, with all his basenesses, can be a channel for grace? Nothing is more probable than that the Delphi priesthood, though conscious that they prepared the answers, conscious even that they forged them for money, for ages watched the ascent of the Pythia to her tripod with a certain awe, doubted if they could wholly control her answer, and even modified that answer—as Eastern astrologers certainly do—in strict accordance with the understood rules by which they regularly interpreted her utterances when the delirium or drunkenness or hypnotized condition, or whatever it was, seized upon her. We do not believe in complete and conscious imposture lasting so long, any more than we believe in

a succession of actresses continuing for eight hundred years, and throughout that time deceiving the keenest eyes in the world. There must have been an element of faith, superstition, lingering credulity—call it what you will—embedded in the hierophants' service; and if we could only know its kind and its extent, we should know more of the motive-powers which moved the ancient world than any histories will ever tell us. We shall not get that, however, even if the French savants stumble on the hidden library of Delphi, or the crypt in which the priests recorded, if they did record, the history of their temple and the Greek world. Only a priest could tell us the priests' thoughts; and in all that time, longer than the period which has elapsed since the Norman Conquest, no priest would have had the needful habit of mental introversion. Self-analysis is modern, and the priest of Delphi not only would not have understood himself, but if he recorded such things accurately in a way that outsiders might one day understand, would have held himself a traitor to his order, to his salt, and to that something which, as he was half convinced, intervened to affect the speech of the priestess who was in his eyes at once an instrument of able men—used, by the way, the historians say, usually for good—and in some sense impenetrable by his thought, inspired.

#### THE BODY OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times of India* at Goa gives an account of the opening festivities connected with the exposition of the body of St. Francis Xavier. On the morning of December 4, the governor-general with the Patriarch Archbishop of Goa, the Archbishop of Calcutta, the Bishops of Cochin, Poona, Hyderabad, Singapore, Cottayam, and Trichore, and accompanied by about three hundred priests, marched in solemn procession to the Church of Bom Jesus, amidst the booming of guns and the music of military bands. On reaching the church, amidst strains of the Litany of the saint six bishops proceeded to remove from its ordinary resting-place the coffin containing the body of the saint to an elaborate silver jewelled casement with glass panels in front of the high altar. Pontifical high mass was then celebrated, during which an eloquent panegyric on the life and



labors of St. Francis Xavier was delivered. On the conclusion of the mass, the patriarch archbishop, accompanied by other ecclesiastics as well as by the governor-general and staff, returned to the catafalque wherein lay the body, which was then exposed for veneration. Here a painful scene took place, which at one time threatened to end most seriously. Before even the distinguished ecclesiastics could venerate the body, a most unseemly crush took place, and with such violence that there appeared danger of the rail round the shrine being literally torn away. At this crisis the administrator-general interposed, and begged that the casement might be closed until order had been restored. This suggestion was strenuously opposed by one of the leading Goanese priests present, who went so far as to menace the administrator-general with uplifted hand and in defiant tones. This, not only before thousands of pilgrims but in the presence of the exposed revered remains, caused a very painful impression. Eventually, however, the coffin was once more replaced in the casement, which was then closed; but after a short interval the coffin was again allowed to be partially drawn out, so far as to admit of the feet being kissed, and thus the coffin remained until about five o'clock for the veneration of the people. The body appeared in much the same condition as it was found when last exposed in 1878. The military on duty were utterly incapable of controlling the immense crowds who flocked to the church for the occasion, and at first there was an entire absence of that decorum and solemnity which ordinarily characterizes divine services in Christian churches. The exterior of the Church of Bom Jesus and the

road leading from the cathedral thereto were brilliantly illuminated. A switch-back railway company was provided for the amusement of the people, while for refreshment public booths sprang up all round, and arrangements to meet the demands of the poorer pilgrims were speedily completed.

The body of St. Francis Xavier (says another writer in the same paper) has continued in a remarkable state of preservation against putrefaction for over three hundred years without artificial means, which is ascribed by Roman Catholics to divine intervention. The last exposition occurred in 1878, and before that in 1859, and previously in 1782, so that the rarity of the event will attract large numbers of the "Faithful" from all parts of India, as well as Hindoos and Mahomedans who share their faith in the miraculous powers of the good saint's body, which, though shrunk, still defies decomposition. It was mutilated of the right arm by a zealous pope, and later a devout lady bit off two of its toes. It reposes attired in rich vestments in a triple coffin of exquisite device. The outer casement of the coffin is of solid silver, and encloses another of glass hung within with gold tissue and lace pendants of ambergris and other gems. These rest on a superb basement of jasper highly wrought and embellished with figures of cherubs and escutcheons in white alabaster, and rich bronze plates depicting the leading events in the saint's life. The whole is overhung by a canopy of red damask, with curtains to correspond and enveloping the shrine to the ground, their ample folds being looped up in the centre of the four sides by cords and tassels of crimson silk.

**JOHN BUNYAN'S GRAVE.**—A correspondent of the *Queen*, who recently visited Bunyan's grave at Bunhill Fields, writes: On my inquiry for the tomb of John Bunyan, the gatekeeper led the way through one of the little gates in the iron railing, and showed me an altar-tomb, which, as we learn from an inscription, was "restored by public subscription under the presidency of the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, May, 1862." On the one side is a bas-relief of Christian toiling up the hill with his burden, on the other, the pilgrim has reached the cross, and the burden falls off. On the top reposes the effigy of the tinker-preacher and author. The busy right hand that penned sixty books lies quietly at his side, the left clasps the one book of the sixty that has gained him immortal fame, that has been for more than two hundred years the delight

of readers of all classes, all ages, and many countries—one of the very few books that Dr. Johnson wished could have been longer. At the foot of the tomb had been placed a very incongruous tribute to the memory of the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress." A wreath of artificial flowers, that resembled nothing in nature, lay covered by a glass shade, and, partly buried among them, was a card with a written dedication, of which the following alone was visible: "Anniversary of his death, Aug. 31, 1890, by A. R. V. and a few spiritualist (*sic*) friends, as a token of grateful thanks for his spirit control and guidance." I asked the gatekeeper how it had come there. "Two ladies put it there on Sunday," was his reply. "A gentleman as come here yesterday said as 'ow it oughter be smashed."